

# FRANK LESLIE'S NATIONAL CHRONICLE NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.



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INAUGURATION BALL AT WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—SUITED COSTUMES OF DISTINGUISHED LADIES PRESENT ON THAT RECOLLECT OCCASION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 250.

## Barnum's American Museum

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## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &amp;c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

## Foreign News.

**England.**—Parliament has been singularly quiet—the chief topic of discussion being the affront offered the Volunteers of England by the *Times*—any compliment or recognition in the Queen's Speech. It is said at the Reform Club that Palmerston wished a compliment to be paid them, but that he was overruled by Lord John Russell and Sidney Herbert. As Herbert is the Minister of War, Pan subsided. It is also said that the juvenile Premier wishes to get rid of both those "icebergs," one aristocratic and the other "official," and so purposely put them into an unpopular position. Money was easier, but great anxiety was manifested by all classes in our present national crisis. We have little doubt that the Secession movement will kill Exeter Hall Abolitionism in England. Playing with gun cotton is too serious a game. Considerable excitement had been created in London by the discovery of a defalcation of nearly \$350,000 in the Commercial Bank of London. The robbery was committed by a clerk named Durden, and his manner was so ingenious and the management of the bank so careless that, but for his being seized with paralysis, it might not have been discovered for years. The effect was such that the bank had resolved to close, and transfer their accounts to the London and Westminster Bank. There had been a severe gale in England, which had done immense damage; nearly fifty vessels had been wrecked and many lives lost. On the land its violence had been terrific, part of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham having fallen before its fury. The beautiful spire of Chichester Cathedral had been likewise so injured by the storm, that the next day it fell, or rather, subsided into the body of the cathedral, a mass of crumbling ruins. It was two hundred and seventy-one feet high, and had been built about eight centuries. A short debate had taken place in the House of Commons concerning the Charleston authorities giving clearance in their name instead of that of the Federal Government. Lord John Russell had promised to publish the correspondence between the British Consul and the officials of South Carolina.

**France.**—There is little to note beyond the continued military and naval preparations, which are pronounced by the Paris journalists, under the inspiration of the Emperor, to be merely precautionary, and intended to render peace permanent. A pamphlet by the famous Guerroumier has been published on the Papal question. It reiterates the former tone of the Napoleonic pamphlets, that the Pope must be sustained with a sufficient income as a spiritual Prince, but that it is inexpedient to maintain or restore him as a temporal Sovereign. The chief domestic event is the arrest of Mons. Mires, the great John Sadler of Paris. It is said that De Morney and Walewski are implicated. De Morney is most probably one of the speculators; but Walewski is too shrewd and ambitious a man to ruin himself for mere money. Power-political is his idol.

**Italy.**—Admiral Persano had arrived before Messina, and had demanded the surrender of the citadel. It will be remembered that, in accordance with the wishes of the British Admiral, who wanted to spare the effusion of blood, Garibaldi had agreed to leave the citadel in the possession of the royal garrison on condition of an armed neutrality. Now, of course, if the butcher who commands there be wise he will surrender; if he does not he ought to be hanged, since his sanguinary master has run away from Gaeta. A proclamation had been issued by the Italian National Committee, announcing that Victor Emanuel be proclaimed with all due solemnity King of Italy. With regard to Garibaldi's scheme for the liberation of Hungary, it would seem as though there was little chance for its accomplishment, since it was currently reported in the best informed European circles that Austria, Prussia and Russia had severally and jointly agreed to unite their forces to put down any attempt on the part of any power to create an insurrection in either Poland or Hungary. As this would be intervention, France would act, but England would not; her policy, like our own, is non-intervention to a certain point. With France in Syria, and Russia across the Pruth, England would coolly occupy Egypt, and Turkey would be disintegrated—to use Lord Palmerston's cold-blooded expression. We are on the threshold of great events, all opening wider the expanse of Progress. The ex-King of Naples, with his heroic Queen and their suite, including the ambassadors who still remained at his court, arrived in Rome from Gaeta on the 14th of February. They were received by General Goyon and Cardinal Antonelli. In the evening, his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., called on the unfortunate exiles and condoled with them. The King praised his troops for their valiant resistance, but seeing the contest hopeless, he had capitulated to superior forces. He was to leave Rome on the 20th of February for Bavaria.

## CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

The new Senate met at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and received from the President the Cabinet nominations, as follows: William H. Seward, of New York, aged sixty, lawyer, Secretary of State. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, aged fifty-three, lawyer and editor, Secretary of the Treasury. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, aged sixty-two, printer, editor, financier and politician, Secretary of War. Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, aged fifty-five, editor and politician, Secretary of the Navy. Montgomery Blair, of Alabama, lawyer, Postmaster-General. Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, lawyer and editor, Secretary of the Interior. Edward Bates, of Missouri, lawyer and politician, Attorney-General. Those appointments were confirmed without dissent, except from Senator Mason, and a few others, who objected to Messrs. Blair and Bates as citizens of Slave States, who, he thought, could not sympathize with the Administration. It will be observed that this Cabinet contains no slaveholder—a composition never before known in the history of our Government.

On Friday, Senator Foster, of Connecticut, moved that, as Senator Wigfall, of Texas, had openly declared on the floor of the Senate that he owed no allegiance to the Federal Government, he should be expelled. Senator Mason moved, as an amendment, that as Texas had openly seceded from the Union, that State had no claim to be represented. In consequence of Mr. Wigfall's absence, the motion was postponed till Monday, when

The debate on Mr. Foster's motion was renewed on Tuesday, and several members spoke. It was finally referred to a Judiciary Committee, where no doubt it will remain, as under existing circumstances it would be impossible to get a two-third vote against the Senator from Texas.

## Shams.

Can the amiable reader suggest a subject so enormously prolific of illustration, so abundant in example, so poetic, so prosy, so brilliant, dull, broad, long and deep as that of *shams*?

Philosophers have meditated for ages over the simple word *am*. How much more fertile in thought it becomes when one adds to it S. H.! For to study *am* is to believe in the intrinsically real nature of things. But to assume *sham* as the ultimate upshot of everything perceptible to the senses, is to agree with the wisest sage of the East, who believed that the end of all that has been created is *maya*, or illusion—that is to say, a sham.

Walk with us up Broadway, friend reader. See those windows labelled, "Take your choice for one dollar!" Behold the jewellery within, the brooches, the lavas, the mosaics. Why is it that people who wouldn't wear any kind of vain adornment contemplate the jewellery with an interest which they wouldn't give to the regalia of England, or to the treasures of the Green Vaults of Dresden? Simply because the excellence of the imitation tickles their fancy, appeals to the delight which everybody takes in producing great effects with little means, and doing a big business with a small capital. They know that twenty-four carat gold and Koh-i-Noor diamonds cannot be given for a dollar, but it is interesting to see that ornaments hardly distinguishable from the costliest can be made.

The American people are very fond of capital imitations, often preferring them to good originals. Nothing is commoner than to see rough cast and mastic imitations of stone put up at nearly the expense of the real article, and when an elaborate plan is followed, at a much greater expense. But the happy complacency with which the proprietor informs everybody of the sham, and points out the fact that it is just as natural as can be, indicates a curious characteristic. It shows that he thinks, as certain men of old did, that the highest aim of art is to cheat the senses! And here, be it observed, that this principle has gained ground to such an extent in this country, that stone is carved, and that profusely, to *imitate stucco!* There are hundreds of doors and windows in the brown stone quarters of our city whose ornament is derived from the same patterns, art and artists, as the mirrors and picture-frames within. Observe the shallow slab poking itself forwards, full of meretricious roccoco design, such as never entered man's head until he began to mock one material with another. This is, indeed, the crowning triumph of Sham over Art, when the real article apes its own imitation. And it speaks well for the education, taste and ingenuity of our millionaires and their builders.

Potichomanie, or the imitation of porcelain in glass, and leather work, whereby wood carving is well copied in a mere plastic material, are also, in a small and cheerful way, indications of the love of shams, which finds a little home, in a diminutive style, even in the guileless and upright sculps of "the fair sect." Nay, are there not many little devices of the toilette which give great secret satisfaction, simply because they are deceitful expedients, calculated to produce the impression of greater expense than was really involved. We don't blame you, ladies—bless your hearts, no! It's human nature—it's the natural love of feeling that our ingenuity has triumphed. If you, Miss Van Bovenhoven, hear that your New York made De Bonneville dress was taken for an imported Victorian-stitched article, doesn't a warm glow of genial triumph thrill thy gay and festive heart? Very much so indeed, we imagine. If the hat, which you—being a very ingenious girl—made with your own fair fingers, passes for one of Madame Modiste's best, aren't you really better pleased than if you had the real article? Well, perhaps not; but there are thousands who would be. And of course you never experienced a gush of joy when that dress, revived, resuscitated and rejuveniled, disguised and distinguished, was made to go twice to a party in the same house of a winter, without being found out.

And we assure you again that we don't blame you. Up to a certain point sham signifies simply the effort to improve that which is naturally rough. A polish is natural to nothing—yet it improves everything. Gold is not refined by Nature. Only beware of stepping over that line which separates Truth from Falsehood. Then shams are no longer shams but lies, and there is an immense difference between the two, although nearly every English writer and essayist from Tom Carlyle downwards uses them as if they were in meaning one and the same.

## EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

**The Worst Sign** in a man is when he has so debauched his nature as to be incapable of treating a serious subject seriously. A man who will make a pun when his friend is dying, would pick that friend's pocket when he is dead. This is what old Sum Johnson meant when he broke off in the middle of his famous apothegm.

"We have not yet smelt Southern powder, but certainly none of us can deny in view of the theft of United States forts, and the plunder of the United States Mint, that we have felt Southern steel."

The Philadelphia *Press* also indulges in this vein:

"Somebody suggests that the Southern Republic shall be called after one of its prominent founders, the 'Rethatched Confederacy,' and that the diminutive designation of the new nation shall be 'Cousin Sambo.' For instance, we call on 'John Bull.' He growls, but puts out his left hand to 'Brother Jonathan.' We look up to 'Uncle Sam,' and tell him that Floyd is picking his pockets. Let us, then, 'for short,' call the now born Republic 'Cousin Sambo.' This is both euphonious and suggestive."

And the Louisville *Journal* tries "its Prentiss hand" on so many jokes, that we have no space to enumerate them. This Nero fiddling is enough to bring any republic to a violin's end.

**During** the recent investigation before the Police Commissioners respecting the Kennedy and Williamson affair, several very refreshing incidents happened. When Bowen asked Superintendent Kennedy if he had been a candidate for the Marshalship, Mr. Kennedy said:

"These young men here (pointing to the reporters present) must say something, and they may as well blow away at me as at any other person; that is some'ing (speaking consequentially) that I allow them to do."

Will it be credited that after the Superintendent had so kindly called them "young men," and given them permission to write his sacred name—Allah Bismillah!—one of these young men was so lost to the common instincts of humanity as to say, "We don't ask your permission." What will happen to this young man is too horrible to think of. Beadle Bumble prophesied that Oliver Twist would come to the gallows for asking for more, but hanging is certainly too good a fate for this profane "young man!"

**The English Press** is beginning to question the propriety of midnight discussions in Parliament. One of the most intelligent of their journals says:

"That men should regularly, for five months, turn day into night, and transact the most important business, after a heavy day's work, when the rest of the world are in their beds, has always seemed unaccountable to reasonable minds. Yet this has been the conduct of the members of the House of Commons for the last fifty years. Absurd as this arrangement appears, it is founded on the instincts of our nature—lawyers, merchants and ploughmen giving the

first and freshest hours to their own affairs, and the stalest and most exhausted to the public, of course, prefer night to day work."

The radical paper in question does not seem to see that, to make the Parliamentary hours like ours or those of France, it would throw the management of public affairs into the hands of the aristocracy and the professed politicians. Merchants have an opportunity after business hours of devoting themselves to Parliamentary duties; as for exhaustion, it is a mere figure of speech. Apropos of British journalism, we clip the following nice little morsel out of one of the London papers:

"In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the attitude of England has tended to discourage the Southerners and to incite the Unionists to new exertions. Some of the Northern States have made themselves conspicuous by the vigor of their action. The State of New York is ready to place its military at the service of the Federal Government."

Governor Morgan will be much gratified to know that his placing the military at the service of the Federal Government was in accordance with the attitude of England.

## PERSONAL.

W. M. BROWNE, late of the Washington Constitution, has accepted the position of Assistant-Secretary of the Southern Republic.

EGENE SCRIRE, the great French manufacturer and dealer in the drama, died in Paris on the 18th.

ROBERT LINCOLN, or as he is more popularly called, the Prince of Rails, has returned to Harvard University, to finish his studies. He does not consider the elephant as such a "big thing" after all. Elephants, even those seen in New York, are getting degenerated.

The editor of the Lynchburg *Virginian* tells the following story: "A Union man told a Secession friend of his the other day, that he wished to send him an extract from a speech he had, which seemed to fit the existing condition of things better than anything he had seen; and thereupon, without letting him know what it was, read a passage from General Washington's Farewell Address. The Secessionist *Truth* interrupted him by saying: 'Hold on, I've heard enough of that stuff; I don't know who made that speech, but it is plain enough that he is a subversive!'"

GEN. CASH has been warmly received by the people of Detroit, on his return home from the seat of government—he having reached that city on Friday of last week. He was met by a large delegation of the most respectable citizens, and speeches were made both by him and the spokesman of the committee. It is alleged that very much more respect was shown him, on account of his resignation of the office of Secretary of State when he found that he could no longer hold it with honor to himself or a prospect of benefit to the Government.

GOVERNOR FLOYD has arrived in Washington to face his accusers.

FRED. SEWARD, son of the Secretary of State, has been made Assistant Secretary of State. The Seward's are sailors, they look Sea-wards! Stormy petrels may, however, chase them.

MR. REUBEN TRAVELLER, of Ottawa, Canada, died last week at the age of eighty years. He was present at several of the great naval battles of Nelson, and accompanied Mungo Park in his African exploration. Mr. Traveller was a native of England.

We are sorry to hear that our friend John Savage, of the *Washington Star*, is likely to receive the mission to the Fiji Islands. Lincoln says that being a Savage he is the very man to deal with savages. As Sydney Smith said to a missionary, "Let us hope he'll disagree with the savages who eat him!" If disagreeing be a qualification, our friend Rosenberg would be the very man for Fiji—he'll disagree with everybody in the whole Cannibal Islands.

MR. JACOB HAM, of the township of Brook, Canada, died last week, aged ninety-three. He was the famous soldier who, under Burgoyne, at the battle of Saratoga, received a ball in the leg; the bullet, after passing through the leg, inside the trousers, and John Ham picked it up again, placed it in his musket and fired it back against his foe.

SOLONOM WILLARD, Esq., of Quincy, Mass., died, aged seventy-seven. He was one of the earliest projectors of Bunker Hill Monument, and contributed largely towards its erection. The original models of the monument are still in his office. In 1826, with the advice and aid of the late Hon. Thomas H. Perkins and others, he designed and surveyed with his own hands, the Quincy Granite Railway, the first ever built in the United States.

It would seem that we never know what good men we have among us till they are no more. The *Sunday Courier* contains in its last number the biography of a man of rare energy, intellect and benevolence, the late William A. Turnure. It is pleasant, however, to find this tardy recognition of merit even when it falls on the cold ear of death. Our writers would do well to remember that there is as much affection in praising the dead, as there is malignity in withholding due encouragement from the living.

NORMAN B. JUDY, of Illinois, has been appointed Minister to Berlin.

PARTON, having taken the lives of Aaron Burr and Andrew Jackson, is now engaged on a similar attack upon Benjamin Franklin. His industry and research are very great. He has also the rare merit of not being afraid of attacking time-honored superstitions. His life of Aaron Burr was an able and a fearless work.

THE *World*, which is a decided semi-Cameronian paper, is down upon Lincoln's first appointment, Judy to Prussia, and calls it appointing a three-cornered man to a round hole. This would seem to imply that Sim does not like Judy. By the way, an old friend of the present Secretary of War says that Sim Cameron does not represent Pennsylvania, but Cameronia, which is at once himself and his native country.

We are truly glad to hear that Mr. Lincoln does not intend to have a party organ in Washington.

The appointment of Carl Shurz to any diplomatic mission abroad will be resisted by some very influential members of the Republican party as well as some of the Cabinet. Nor is it improbable that the Senate might not confirm him. So able and eloquent a man, however, is sure to be well provided for.

Mr. Seward has recovered from his severe attack of lumbago. The *Express* humorously adds: "This was a complaint much in vogue about sixty years ago with our old dawagers, who cured it by carrying pieces of brimstone in their breeches pockets!" This will be news to our grandfathers and grandmothers too.

MAX MARTEZEK, the indomitable, and Ada Clare, the irresistible, have arrived in New York from Havana.

PRINCE ALFRED of England is daily expected at Havana, where great preparations have been made to receive him with the same honors as though he were a Spanish Prince.

A REMARKABLE scene occurred in Willard's Hotel on Saturday evening. Two distinguished Senators got unusually tight, and one of them slapped the other's face. A duel was about to take place when the offending Senator apologized, and the two Senators got tight again to make it all right.

The celebrated Tigers gave their ball at Boston on the 11th. It was a brilliant affair—Governor John Andrew and staff, Colonel Lefferts of the Seventh New York Regiment and a host of distinguished citizens were present.

In compliance with the request of the Mayor and Common Council of Boston, Senator Crittenden and his charming wife will visit the City of Notions in a few days.

A LIEUTENANT CUMMINGS, who is stationed at Fort Brown, Georgia, has been amusing himself by firing at American vessels with shot and shell. We recommend him to the supervision of President Jeff. Davis.

dately silenced by the remark that if it was like play acting it was all done in a foreign language, and it might be an Ora-to-re for what they knew. This, and the assurance that English Opera should also be excluded, satisfied the venerable mollusk, who subsided into the year 90 B.C.

We think it but common justice to state that the chastity of Brooklyn's peculiar institution, the Academy of Music, has been rigidly maintained. It is true that "Norma," the Virgin Priestess with her respectable family of small children, has been duly represented, and "Lucrèze Borgia," that chaste and pious high-life Duchess, has "warbled her native wood-notes—mild," to the delectation of the elect; but "Traviata," that low-born unfortunate, has applied for admission in vain, being immediately referred to the Alms House Commissioners. This Spartan virtue of the Grandmothers of Brooklyn is worthy of all honor, and we chronicle it with tears in our eyes—we do.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the gentlemen Directors were chief cooks, head waiters and bottle washers. If a party wanted seats, Mr. Wholesale Drygoods fussed round till he found them. If a lady wanted a bill Mr. Wholesale Provisions trotted around and fumed and fretted until he found one. A portion of the Directors paraded the front of the house and played ushers to perfection, and saved a little something in the way of salaries. The remaining Directors were omnipotent behind the scenes. Church deacons were selected for this department on account of their superior morality and tried decorum. This was highly necessary, as they had to come into contact with singing women and dancing girls, and had to rise superior to temptation.

But even these venerable patriots were subject to agitating excitements. One night it was discovered that Brignoli had no soap! The news spread among the Directors like wildfire, and general consternation ensued.

Mr. Drygoods exclaimed, "Sig-nor Brignoli has no soap!"

Mr. Shipping-house said, "Good gracious! No soap!"

Mr. Wholesale Hardware echoed, "No soap!"

Some one in the "files" said, "Soap."

Mr. Drygoods said decidedly, "The sig-nor must have some soap."

Mr. Shipping-house said very decidedly, "Must have some soap."

Mr. Wholesale Hardware echoed in thunder, "Some soap!"

A meeting was thereupon convened, and Mr. Wholesale Drygoods was called to the chair.

Mr. Wholesale Hardware introduced his resolution with some patriotic remarks complimentary to Brooklyn generally, and to the unheard-of liberality of the Directors in particular. He said it was his opinion that as hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended in the erection of this beautiful temple, devoted to religious art and profane opera, it would be the poorest of policy to dim its effulgent glory for the sake of a cent's worth of soap. "It is true," he said, "that soap was not mentioned in the contract; but he thought that men—gentlemen he should have said—who had devoted their lives and fortunes to the embellishment of their native city, could spare a trifle more for the honor of that city. He therefore moved "that a subscription be taken up then and there to purchase a package of Old Brown Windsor for the use of Sig-nor Brignoli, the same not to be removed from the premises."

Mr. Shipping-house seconded the motion, and placed ten cents in the hands of the Chairman.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the full subscription of fifty cents made up at once.

It was afterwards moved that the Chairman personally procure the same, which was also unanimously carried.

We regret to add that when the Chairman returned with the soap Signor Brignoli had borrowed some from Madame Colson, and therefore did not need it. What became of that package of "Old Brown Windsor" has never been ascertained.

We are happy to say that the Drama is still excluded from the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and that Professor Anderson, D.D.M. (Doctor of Divine Magic), has been giving his sacred hocus-pocus there, to the great moral refreshment of serious audiences. When Mr. Nixon returns from Havana it is expected that he will give a series of Equestrian Moralities in the sawdust ring, the exercises to be enlivened by a serious clown, stirred up by a ring-master who has experienced religion.

#### The last Mania—How we Carried it Out.

When New Yorkers do "go in," they do "go in" and no mistake. Who would have believed three years ago that in 1860 all New York would be on skates? And not only male New York, but the delicate and charming female element of that locality! Yet so it is; the ladies found that skating was the darling enjoyment of fathers, brothers, husbands and lovers, and they could not afford to let them indulge in that fascinating enjoyment alone, so they plucked up courage, bundled themselves in the warmest and least cumbersome manner, and risked many a fall on the glittering ice, for the sake of sharing our out-door society. We are an imitative people, and when our ladies became aware that it was the fashion in England and Europe for their sex to skate, all scruples vanished, and a wholesome, invigorating and eminently graceful exercise has been added to our winter amusements. For this we do sincerely thank Fashion; it is one of the few things we can record to her credit. Who knows but in two or three years we may hear a fashionable belle boast that she has walked ten miles that day and is not a bit tired! Such changes may come, and then think what a different race of women we shall see!

According to the Central Park statistics, we had but twenty-six days in the ice season of 1860-'61 when skating in that locality was good; but in those twenty-six days nearly one and a half million of people participated in the exhilarating sport. The records show that on one day—February 9th—one hundred and five thousand persons visited the skating pond, and on the 10th over ninety-six thousand! These seem to be incredible numbers, but they're true, and they clearly show how we New Yorkers do rush in when we do rush in.

The dealers in skates are making great preparations for the next winter campaign. They could not meet half of the supply at the beginning of the past season, so they are determined to be better prepared for the future. We heard of one order received by the agent of STENTON & CO., of Sheffield, England, from a large house here, of twenty thousand pairs of skate irons! Such are the proportions to which this one branch of business has arisen through a caprice of fashion.

#### Practicable and Certain Fire-Escape at last.

There was a great excitement in Brooklyn on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., on the occasion of the trial of Mackenzie's Fire-Escape, which had been fixed on the front, underneath the cornice of the Globe Hotel, in Fulton Street. The exhibition was given at night, the front of the hotel being illuminated by the glare of tar barrels. The whole street for several blocks was thronged with people. This fire-escape is permanent one, to be attached to the front or back of houses. It consists simply of an iron tube, supported by strong brackets, under the eaves of the house. The tube has a narrow opening underneath, running the whole length of the tube. Inside the tube is an iron ball, which revolves on anti-friction rollers, and can be moved along the tube with the rapidity of lightning. An iron strap is attached to the ball, from which depends a tackle and car. One man standing on the sidewalk can raise the car to the upper windows, move it all along the front of the house, and to every window, taking out any one in distress.

On Thursday evening, the parties who worked the car raised it to the upper window, took out two men, deposited them on the sidewalk, ran the car one hundred feet along the front of the house, raised the car again, took out four men and deposited them on the pavement—the time occupied in thus saving six lives at the opposite ends of the building was less than two minutes. This was, beyond a doubt, a wonderful success. The firemen then raised a hose pipe to the top of the building and all along the front, showing that by means of Mackenzie's Fire-Escape, hose pipe can be carried right into rooms on fire, even to the very topmost floor.

The hosts of firemen on the ground declared that if this escape had been on the buildings 56 and 58 Broadway, which were consumed last week, they could have saved fifty thousand dollars worth of goods.

Not a moment should be lost in attaching Mackenzie's Fire-Escape to every tenement and public school in the city. No life could be lost in a building to which it is attached. Our great hotels should also use it, for by-and-by strangers arriving at New York will select that hotel which has some means of saving life in case of fire. The Legislature at Albany should add to the unsafe building law a clause compelling owners of tenement-houses to put up Mackenzie's Fire-Escape at once. Humanity demands the action. It can be put up at one-fifth the cost of any other escape, and is immeasurably superior to all. It is so simple that a policeman, private watchman

or passer-by could, on a sudden alarm of fire, work the escape and afford immediate relief.

#### Cousins.

We suppose that every one, more or less, has had his share of cousins. We acknowledge this privilege in its broadest sense. We have had cousins that we kissed, and cousins that we quarreled with and kissed afterwards. Sometimes the kiss came before the quarrel, but we distinctly remember that a kiss was one of the conditions of every meeting. We look upon cousins, female of course, as a special providence for young men. They cure them of *mauvaise honte*, they initiate them into the "little ways" of women; they are, in short, real life figures, under whose direction, by special permission, on the score of near relationship, inexperienced youths practice the delicate and devious arts of flirting and kissing. We venerate cousins; we bless them for rubbing off the rough edges of our period of adolescence, for turning the gawkey into the man of the world, for revealing enough of their own nature to prepare us against assaults from the outside barbarian maidens, and we solemnly assert that it has been the profoundest pleasure of our lives to help our dear cousins to marry—somebody else.

But the Colonel, a very warm and esteemed friend of ours, has a "cousin," whose gentle and womanly influence over him has extended far beyond the period of his manhood. She is the one authority, standing out in his memory like a beacon on the ocean, in all that is pure, true and beautiful. But, though often quoted, she is never seen, and though often referred to, she is never named, for the Colonel is sly—devilish sly. We own to a little of our mother's nature still remaining, and therefore to the possession of a little quiet curiosity. Sparred on by this womanly failing, regulated, however, by a superior intelligence, we, in all humbleness, make

#### An Appeal to "Cousin Clara."

I have a friend who is ever recurring  
To one gentle being—a cynosure she is!  
Far above all, with earth's dross in their nature,  
A Sybil—a Virtue—ah! who can she be?

Is she not laughing, lovingly, blue-eyed,  
Golden-haired, rosy-lipped, rounded and fair,  
A dear dainty armful, whose heavenly missions  
To lift up some poor soul from out his despair?

Is she a stately brunette, whose black bright eyes  
Look through the soul and consume it the while,  
Dark banded hair o'er a forehead imperial,  
Flashing a wealth of deep love in her smile?

Is she a sweet, pensive, hazel-eyed beauty,  
Low voiced, soft stepped, with touch like a sigh,  
Who pains you with tenderne[r]—yielding—exacting,  
Straining the chords of your heart till you die?

Is she a strong minded-woman, and learned  
In "isms" and "ologies" world without end?  
From all such encyclopedic ladies  
And all of their kidney, good Lord us defend!

Come, cousin Clara, discard your disguises,  
Drop your incognito—throw off the mask,  
Which of the portraits I've drawn with rash pencil,  
Designing to draw you out, fits you, I ask?

Are you a myth, cousin Clara? do tell me,  
Or are you the "Harris?" that Mrs. Gamp knew?  
I'd ask of the Colonel, but he's so mysterious,  
I ask you, cousin Clara, I ask who are you?

I wait for an answer with feverish impatience,  
I'm not over curious, as plainly you see.  
But lest I should waste to the merest thread paper,  
Let the wind from the south waft an answer to me.

#### Something New to Read.

**RUDD & CARLETON** have commenced to mingle works of a graver character with their light literature and poetic publications. They have just issued the second series of the work, *The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Near*. By the Rev. John Cummings, Minister of the Scottish National Church, London. *The Great Preparation* may be termed a sequel to the preceding work by the same author, "*The Great Tribulation*." In that work the writer endeavors to prove that the end is drawing nigh, that the prophecies are about to be fulfilled, and that the coming may be counted by days, so few are the years between now and that time. The character of the present work is indicated by its title, the text of all the Lectures bearing upon the solemn injunction, "Be ye therefore ready." Dr. Cummings is earnest, eloquent and sincere, and although we cannot join with him in all his conclusions, we can bear testimony to the broad philanthropy, the boundless charity, and unhesitating faith expressed and indicated in his writings. No one can read these Lectures without deriving from them both comfort and profit.

Rudd & Carleton have also published *Fast Day Sermons* for 1860-61. These sermons were all preached upon one subject—the state of the country. They present the several views of the several sections of the country upon the subject. Mr. Van Dyke and the Rabbi Raphael recognize Slavery as a natural, if not a divine institution, drawing their illustrations from the Sacred Book. Mr. Beecher and Dr. Bellows maintain with their accustomed eloquence the opposite view, deeming it the crisis of the irrepressible conflict, and the strife between civilization and barbarism. The right and the justice of Secession are asserted and defended by Dr. Palmer of N. O. and Dr. Thornwell of S. C., while Dr. Breckinridge of Ky. is eloquent in the denunciation of all who would break up the happiest and most prosperous Union in the world. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity, denounces the fanatical spirit of the North. Dr. Taylor Lewis of Union College denies that Patriarchal and Jewish slavery is any justification of American slavery. Dr. Dabney of Va., and Dr. Adams of N. Y., take a milder and more Christian view of the present crisis, and their words breathe of peace and conciliation. This is a collection of great and singular interest, embracing as it does, the contrasted views of many of the leading minds of the age. It is a work which in after times will be referred to as exhibiting marked pictures of the violent, social and moral convulsions which agitated our country at the time of its greatest and most momentous peril.

*Notes on Sea Coast Defence; consisting of Sea Coast Fortifications, the Fifteen Inch Gun and Casemate Embrasures*, by Major J. G. Barnard, U. S. Corps of Engineers. This volume has just been issued by D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York, in a very beautiful style, with numerous diagrams and illustrations. This is a very suggestive work, and will, at this time, attract considerable attention. The importance of sea fortifications is ably stated and sustained by the report of the English Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject. The fifteen inch gun is strongly recommended, and its necessity illustrated by reference to the steel plated vessels which England and France are now rapidly building, and which would be proof against any ordinary artillery. The author's views upon casemate embrasures are thorough and practical. It is a well-timed work, and should command the attention of those in power.

**Beadle's Dime Novels, Biographies, &c.** The success which has attended this dashing and well-conceived speculation is one of the signs of the times. BEADLE & CO. have only been established a few months, yet, in that time, they have built up such a vast and important business, that they have established a branch house in London. The idea was to reduce the price of literature to the lowest possible paying point, and to carry out the idea, *ten cents* was fixed on as the maximum point. For ten cents they sell a novel of 128 pages, neatly and carefully got out. A large number of novels, tales and adventures have already been published in this form, and have met with an immense sale. It seems just to have hit the public's pocket, and by that means has secured an immediate and wonderful success. The publishers, Messrs. Beadle & Co., encouraged by popular approbation, intend to issue, besides the light literature already mentioned, a succession of works of general, varied and useful information, so that their catalogue will soon assume a rapidly increasing importance in the publishing world.

The volumes before us are the lives of "Kit Carson," "Daniel Boone" and the "Dime Family Physician," which is full of useful and reliable information. Beadle & Co. have made a great and decided hit.

#### A Hotel Well Managed.

The Messrs. Willard, proprietors of the large hotel in Washington bearing their name, deserve great credit for their admirable management in securing the comfort of their guests during Inauguration week, when, although over two thousand persons were accommodated, the most perfect order prevailed. Bells were promptly answered, and the attendance at table was excellent. The house has been recently painted, and the furniture renovated, which, in conjunction with the neatness and system which prevails throughout the establishment, reflect infinite credit upon the gentlemanly proprietors.

#### Things Going on and Coming off.

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst., the New York Philharmonic Society give one of their glorious concerts at the Academy of Music in Fourteenth street. The programme is very fine—Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" being the *pièce de résistance*. Our readers will be glad to learn that on this occasion they will have an opportunity of hearing Richard Hoffman play. He is one of those pianists of whose performance we never tire. It would be pleasant to hear him oftener in public.

We understand that it is the intention of a number of our most prominent citizens to give a complimentary entertainment to Madame Anna Bishop, whose popularity in this city is so great and so well deserved. No artist ever came before the American public with so richly merited this favor; as an artist she is admirable not only for her rare accomplishments, but for her conscientious discharge of her duties. We do not believe that she ever disappointed the audience once during her whole career in this city. As a lady, amiable, kind and just; friendly to all, and without envy or guile, she is respected and beloved by all who know her. We sincerely trust that this friendly and appreciative movement will be cordially seconded by the public, and that Madame Bishop will have a thronged and brilliant attendance at her forthcoming complimentary entertainment.

It is rumored that young Bruno Wollenhaupt will give a grand orchestral concert at Irving Hall some time this month. We trust that this rumor will turn out truth, for our readers will then enjoy the performance of one of the most admirable violinists of the age—one whose genius is fresh and untrammelled, and whose executive powers are of the highest order; whose style, taste and finish are worthy of the more mature masters of the violin. Let us hope that we shall hear Bruno Wollenhaupt at last.

#### DRAMA.

THE only dramatic novelty of the past week was the appearance of Miss Jane Coombes at the WINTER GARDEN. This young lady's career as an artist opened most auspiciously, her debut being rendered memorable, not only on account of the great promise of future excellence she then exhibited, but from the fact that Mr. Forrest consented to appear in conjunction with a debutante, and enacted Claude Melnotte to the lady's Pauline. This was some few years ago, and since then the young girl has bloomed into a lovely woman, the trembling debutante into an accomplished artiste. The last time that Miss Coombes acted in New York prior to her present engagement was during the past summer, when she played a highly successful engagement at Wallack's Theatre, winning warm encomiums alike from the public and the press. The great charm of Miss Coombes's performances is the delicate refinement everywhere visible. She never acts for points, but presents an even, quiet, womanly portraiture, which, if it does not startle, is sure to please. In the higher walks of comedy she is one of the best actresses on the American stage, and in drama and tragedy maintains an enviable position. We cordially welcome this lady to the New York boards, and feel convinced that the public will endorse our good opinion of her. Next week we shall speak of her different impersonations in detail.

AT WALLACK'S, Mrs. Cowley's capital comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," was revived on Monday, for the benefit of the worthy treasurer of this house, Mr. Theodore Moss, and, as a matter of course, drew a fine house. Mr. Moss is an especial favorite with the playgoing public, and his benefits are always of the most substantial description. The remainder of the week was mainly devoted to the benefits of different members of the *corps dramatique*, and with gratifying results. It is said that a new comedy, by an author not unknown to fame, is in rehearsal at this house, and will be brought forward immediately.

**BARNUM'S MUSEUM.**—We cannot do Barnum better justice than by enumerating some of the numerous attractions to be seen every day and evening at his Museum. In addition to his Lilliputian Princess, there are the Aztec Children, the Albinos, and hosts of other natural wonders. There is also a new drama, which crowds the Lecture-room every afternoon and evening. *Apropos* of Barnum, the solution to that remarkable Rebus, published in *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, will be given in the next number of that unrivaled comic periodical.

#### POLITICAL ITEMS.

In the Secession Congress at Montgomery a bill has been reported, providing, in the event of a conflict or the refusal of the United States to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, that the courts of the Confederate States shall have no cognizance of civil cases of citizens of the United States, and that all pending cases shall be dismissed. This bill, if it becomes a law, will deprive the legal collection of all debts due to citizens of the Northern States. Virginia and the other Border States are to be "coerced" by a law prohibiting the introduction and sale of negroes from States remaining in the Union.

This first Secession clearance has been heard from on receipt. It was that of the cargo of the brig *O'ward*, at Ponce, Porto Rico. She bore a full set of custom-house papers from the "Republic of South Carolina," and the authorities, who did not know exactly what to make of it, finally received the cargo and entered it under protest.

SIXTY-SEVEN Republican Representatives and twelve Senators voted against a resolution that Congress should never interfere with slavery in the States.

The *Atlas* says: "The radical Republicans now charge that Seward's extreme Anti-Slavery opinions have been a mere sham and pretense. They assert that for the last fifteen years he has educated them to an extreme point of hostility to the doctrine of property in man, and that he has now abandoned them and struck hands with the most rank conservatism. They ask where were his conservative compromises and conciliatory views towards the South when he was entertaining negroes and Jerry rescuers at his house in Auburn? The simple answer to all this is, that Mr. Seward, like a wise man, has progressed with the times."

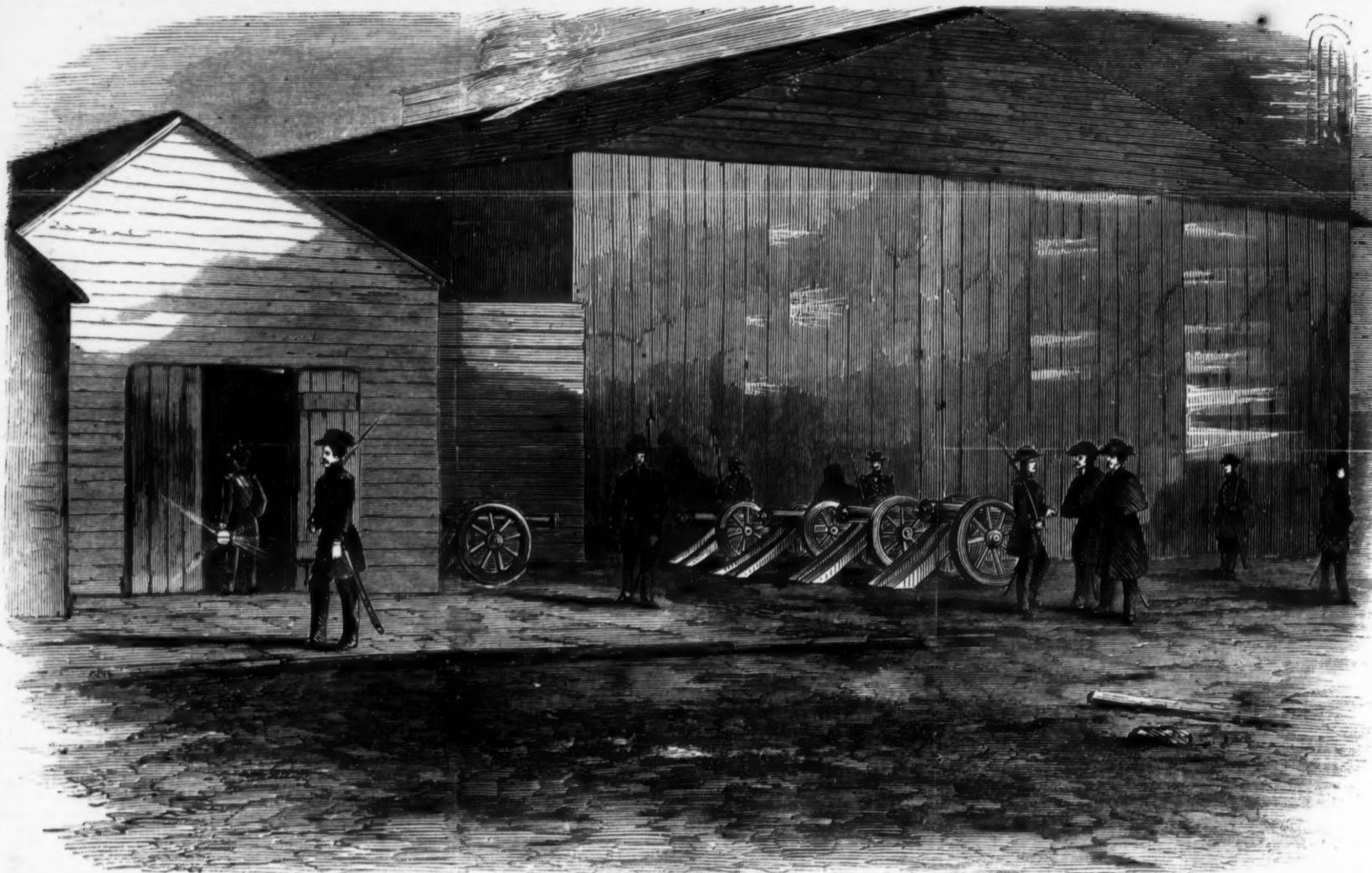
The population of the seven States that have now seceded amount to about 5,000,000, viz.:

South Carolina .....	715,371





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UNITED STATES SOLDIERS GUARDING THE EXTERIOR OF THE BALL-ROOM DURING THE INAUGURATION BALL, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 4, 1861.—SEE PAGE 279.

## SANTA LUCIA—A VENETIAN TALE.

By M. Betham Edwards,

Author of "An Artist's Tale," "Now or Never," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## ARGUMENT OF CHAPTERS I., II., III., IV.

The reader will recall that our tale opened in the stormy days of Venice in 1848, and with the influence exercised on the growing revolution by the brave Emilia Rota. We spoke of the love which her nephew Enzaque—also a conspirator—bore for Lucia Valletti, the daughter of an hereditary enemy of his family, and of his suggestion to his aunt Emilia that Venice could not be free until these feuds were suppressed. We described a meeting of the lovers, the arrest of Emanuel for his political disaffection, the reconciliation of the Pepoli and Valletti families, and the announcement made to Lucia by her father that he had found for her a gallant husband. Such was the disposition of our dramatic personae when we left.

CHAPTER V.—VIVA LA REPUBLICA DE VENEZIA! The tidings of the French Revolution, as might be expected, occasioned great excitement amongst the people. "Revolution in Austria—Constitution at Vienna," this was the match that lighted the mighty mass of fuel, which was destined to blaze so brightly in the eyes of all the world. Over these matters we must pass briefly. It is sufficient to say that Manin and the other prisoners were released by the alarmed governor; frays happened between the soldiery and the citizens; the latter got possession of the arsenal, and Manin was placed at the head of affairs; finally the tricolored Italian flag was planted in the Place of St. Mark, and the old cry of freedom arose from the multitude. *Viva la Republica de Venezia!*

Venice was free! A delirium of happiness filled every heart, a radiant future of prosperity and freedom dawned on those warm southern natures, tears of joy were shed like rain, old and young embraced each other; the former days of Venetian greatness were recalled by song and story; the days of Venetian greatness to come were traced out in burning words of poetry—such poetry as the love of one's country and the dreams of freedom can inspire.

As to the Signora Emilia, if her life had once been a constant bustle and excitement, it was now doubly so. Every day was a succession of appointments, interviews, commissions and transactions, in which she bore no inconsiderable part. Her spirits, which had been somewhat depressed since Emanuel's arrest, now revived, and though she still wept for him in short, passionate intervals of loneliness, and forgot him never, she was too occupied to give way to grief. Besides, she was not a woman who is easily broken down by sorrow. Her temperament was too sanguine, her spirits too volatile for despair. So she went her way with her usual jaunty swing, coaxed money out of her timid, parsimonious husband, for the needs of the republic, rated her female friends, till, for very shame, they followed her example, and sold their bijouerie for the same purpose; persuaded the young men to enlist, poured out her wine in inspiring banquets to the patriots—in fact, what did she not do? What cannot a woman and a republican find time to do in the day?

And Lucia—what would she do but pray and hope? Alas! from all participation in the exciting and active changes around her, yet feeling as deep and pure an interest in all, it was very hard to be condemned to such useless activity. For of late she had learned to be ambitious for the sake of her country, and to feel, not the mere sympathy of a love-sick girl, but the ardent aspirations of a high-minded Italian

woman. Indeed, she was no longer the timid, childlike being she had hitherto been. The events and the sorrow of the last few weeks had changed her more than mere love and happiness ever could have done. She was no longer content to shrink within herself, and trustingly take her opinions second-hand from others. The courage and heroism around her made her also courageous—heroic also, but at present both were latent. She longed for some scope for this new strength within her; she felt how good it must be to serve others, and give up private interests and private pleasures for the benefit of the people; and she passionately desired for a small share in the glorious work, a humble waif of the universal labor.

The first flush of triumph over, the Venetians saw clearly that it was a time for action rather than for ovations. Deep, concentrated thought settled on the brows of all the chiefs in the city. No

amusements took place, no theatres were open, no private festivals were held. One grave interest bound all—the public affairs. And arduous, indeed, was the work before the patriots—hopeless to any whose hearts were not full of firm courage and love of country.

One evening that Count Valletti returned home later than usual, and pale and haggard—for tidings had just arrived of the disastrous defeat of Charles Albert, an event which so darkened the future prospects of the liberated city—he called his daughter to him, and said:

"My child, I would fain speak to thee on a weighty matter. Listen, Lucia, there will be terrible days here before long. We have no longer any allies, or any hope of success, save by our own strength and endurance. The time is not far off when the enemy's guns will fire on our city by day and by night; who will then be safe from a ball? And I am old, Lucia, old, and the reader to fall away if things come to the worst; for hunger—"

"Oh! father," cried Lucia, with a shudder.

"Hunger and disease may come," he continued, without heeding her interruption, "and then the old and the babes go first; and worse may come—"

He caught her to his breast with a terrible intensity of emotion.

"My child—my pretty one—the Holy Virgin save thee."

For some moments he sobbed aloud, whilst Lucia, who had never before seen him moved to such love and tenderness, hung around him, kissing his hands and lips, and soothing him with expressions of endearment. Soon he calmed, and taking her hands in his, said gravely:

"No, Lucia, if I go I shall not leave thee unprotected. Alas dear one, thy wedding should have had a fairer time; but we must wait for the festival, Lucia," he smiled bitterly, and added, "That must come afterwards; it is sufficient for my peace that I leave thee sheltered by an arm as strong as mine has been. Andrea Uzielli has long loved thee; no more honorable man is to be found in Venice; tomorrow he is willing to make thee his wife."

Very pale, very calm, Lucia stood before him with clasped hands and bowed head.

"Father," she said, gently but firmly, "do not force me to marry Uzielli, to perjure myself. I have given my love and promise to another; he, too, an honorable man in Venice."

The count started to his feet, white and rigid.

"A pretty confession, truly! If it you who speak, Lucia; you, so fair and innocent to look at—my daughter—have you been deceiving me—you—the child of my heart? Good Heavens!"

He staggered to a chair, like an aged man.

"Forgive me," cried Lucia, with a burst of tears; "do not be angry with me now, father; I have repented of my fault bitterly—stoned for it by the sorrow it has caused me."

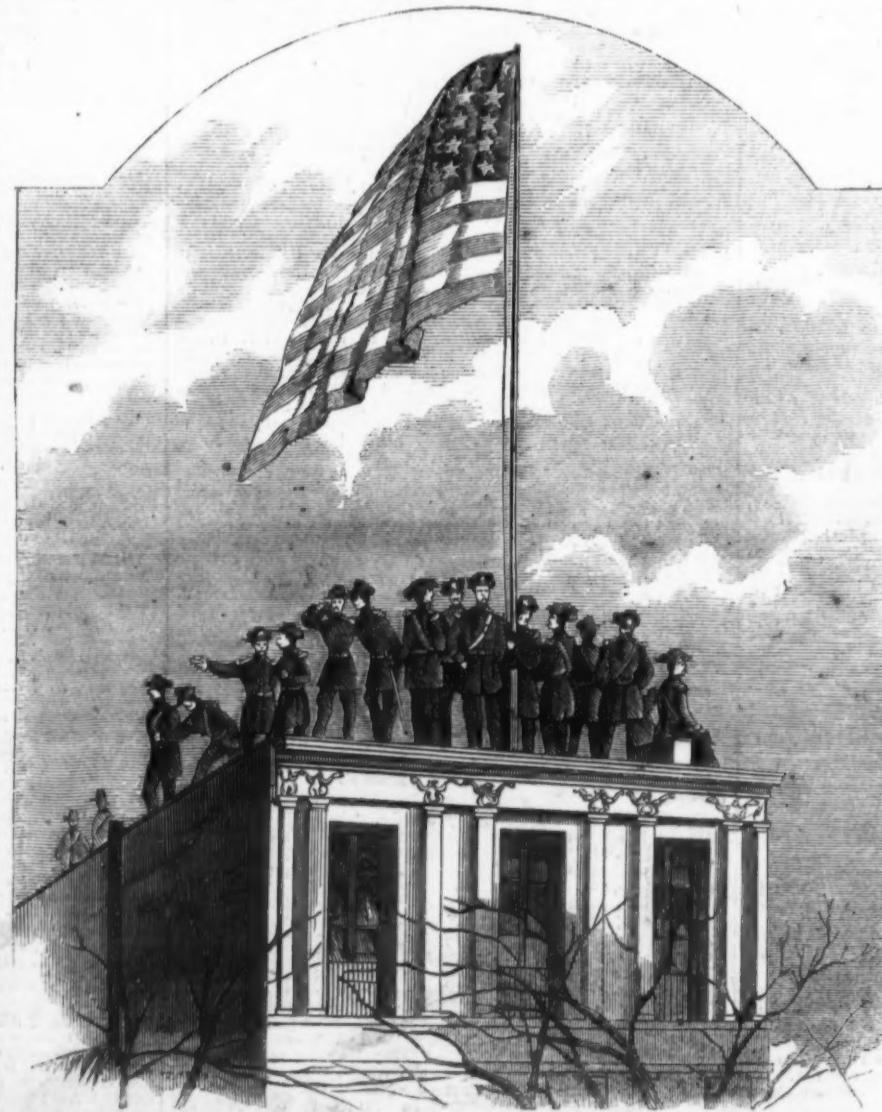
The count was not a man of refined susceptibilities. So long as Lucia could be brought to meet Uzielli as her husband, he was willing to ignore the former love.

"And to-morrow thou wilt wed Uzielli, and show by thy prompt obedience how true thy repentence has been. Child, I forgive thee."

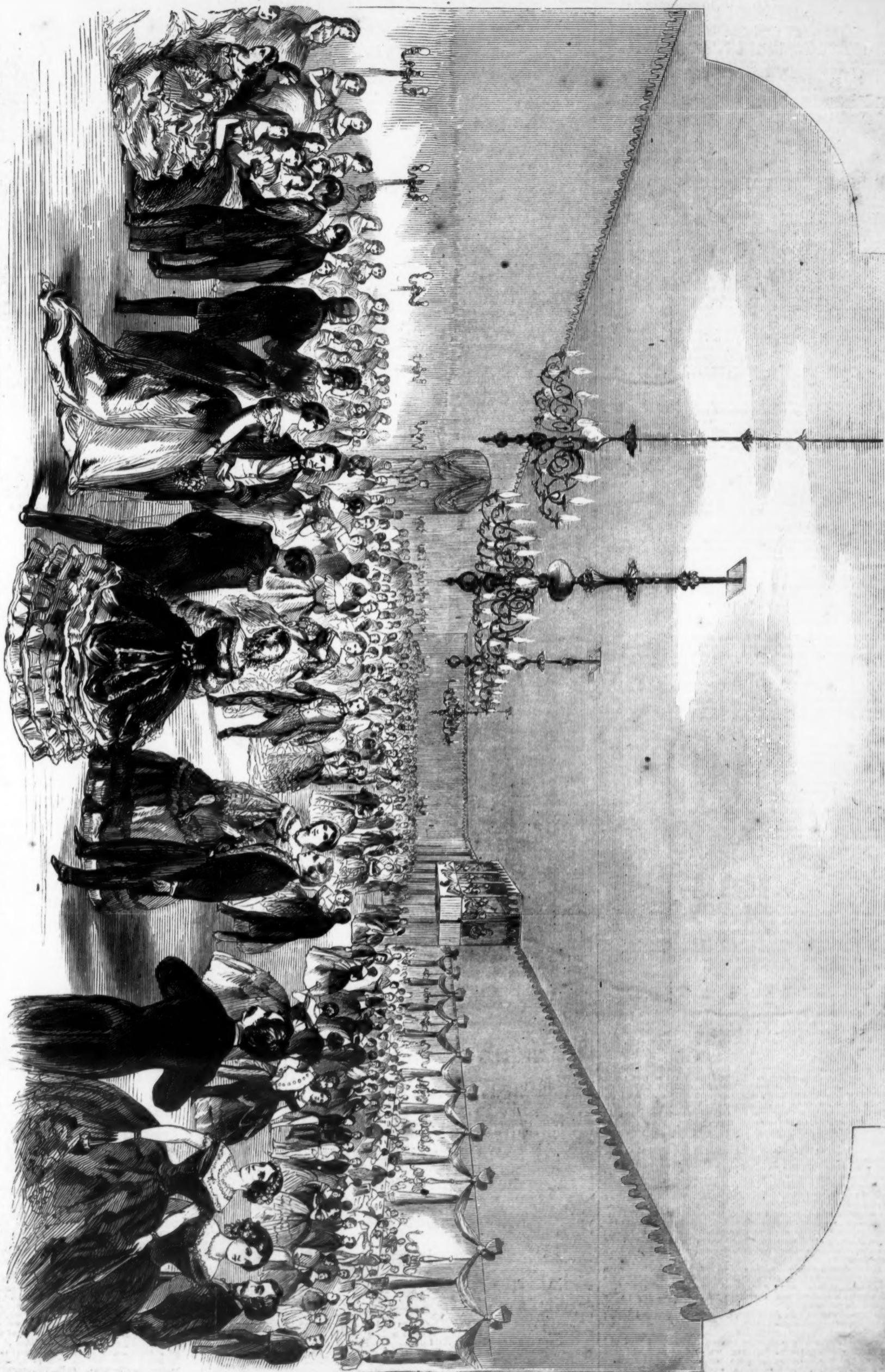
"Oh! no, no; listen, dearest father, you mistake me. I have no love to give another; surely thou wilt not force on me such hard obedience. Emanuel Pepoli is my betrothed husband, an honorable man, a friend, an ally of our house. Now, wouldst thou have me be faithless to him?"

The count rose, and paced the room in a state of sullen indecision. His daughter's confession had at first irritated—startled him; for though harsh and unloving outwardly, he held her dearer than anything else in the world; and her first opposition to his wishes was a great vexation. The mention of Pepoli was another shock. At first his impulse was that of unmitigated anger—such anger, only in less degree, as he would have felt six months ago—but on calmer consideration, the fact appeared in less startling colors. After all, was not a Pepoli a

(Continued on page 278.)



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS ON THE ROOF OF ADAMS'S EXPRESS DURING THE INAUGURATION, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—SEE PAGE 279.



GRAND BALL IN HONOR OF THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, IN THE HALL ESPECIALLY ERECTED FOR THE OCCASION ADJOINING THE CITY HALL, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See Page 285.

## SANTA LUCIA.

(Continued from page 276.)

fair match for his daughter? Rich and influential, as he knew the family to be, could he anywhere find for Lucia a more suitable connection? And besides, after all that had happened, that might happen, would it be politic to marry his daughter to Andrea, and thus renew that feud, which was the very thing most obnoxious to the safety of the republic? He knew the character of the Pepoli well. It was not to be doubted but that one and all would, in such a case, look upon him as a traitor, espouse their young kinsman's cause, and—what might be the result?

"Oh, Venice! oh, my child!" he groaned aloud, in the trouble and perplexity of his heart; "would that I could die, and leave ye both in peace."

Fain would Lucia have thrown herself on his bosom and soothed him, as she had been wont of late to do, but now she dared not. She could only cover her face with her hands, and pray for herself and him; but she not added another drop of bitterness to his cup? would Heaven forgive her for her undutifulness? would she ever be allowed to be happy with Emanuel, since even her love for him had been a crime?

Broken-hearted, and without one kind word from her father, she retired to her room. Alas! it was not to sleep. With streaming eyes, and her long dark locks thrown off from her burning temples, she walked to and fro in the moonlight, raising her clasped hands to Heaven in an agony of supplication.

"Oh, God! give me strength. I do not ask for happiness; I only ask for courage to bear my sorrow. I am so weak! Mary, mother, have pity, and intercede for me."

Thus, brokenly, and with low sobs, she raised her voice to God—the brave, struggling voice of a woman who would fain suffer His will, and be patient.

When the morning dawned she dressed herself, and sitting down, wrote the following letter:

"Emanuel—You know how well I have loved you; you and God only ever can know. Knowing this, you will not think I am faithless to you, even though I obey my father's wishes, and give my hand to another. Never seek to see me, or to send me a token of thy love or remembrance; it would make me too unhappy, would be harmful to both of us, and I would wish now to fulfil my duty to my husband. All the love of my youth and happiness are yours, yours only, yours ever. My Emanuel; but these are past—and as a maiden who takes the veil, and looks on the faces of her friends for the last time, so do I look now on those bygone days, and after to-day must never, never remember them more. Be strong, oh! my Emanuel—be strong, and live for others, and for your country. I could have borne this better hadst thou been here, and thy home was happier; but even now I can bear it with the help of Heaven. Emanuel, mine whilst I write this, mine no longer when the ink is dry, farewell! My love, my youth, and hope and happiness, farewell!"

As the count passed out from his room in the morning, Lucia met him; and with her large, sad, beautiful eyes raised to his, said,

"Forgive me, father, and give me your blessing. I am ready to obey you in all things, as a loving daughter should; say that I am forgiven."

"We must speak of these things another time," he answered. "I have no time to stop now to listen to your recantations; better had you come to this opinion last night, you would have saved me a great grief."

He would have gone, but she caught his hand imploringly.

"Your forgiveness, your blessing, father, before you go, that I may spend the day in peace."

He pressed his other hand lightly on her head, murmured a short benediction, and passed into the streets.

## CHAPTER VI.—SORROW AND JOY.

THAT day was passed by Lucia in a lethargy of despair. She went about the house like one struck with sudden melancholy madness; now murmuring a few words to herself—now moving a chair or book without any purpose—now covering her face with her hands, and sobbing without tears. Tears were too great a luxury for grief like hers. An English girl, under the circumstances, would have behaved very differently. If she had spirit, and really loved the man, she would have ran off, and trusted to Providence to make it all right with plethoric papa afterwards; but if she had only engaged herself to him, because he happened to propose to her, and she saw no better prospect of settlement in the way, or because she fancied she liked him well enough, the matter would have been taken very much of course, and the trifling regret soon swallowed up in equally trifling pleasures. But in Italy it is otherwise. A woman is either wholly indifferent to morality and the outer world, or she is virtuous as an angel, and true as Heaven. The universal character is less that of mediocre goodness than it is with us; there is more depth of passion—less abiding by the conventionalities of society. It will therefore, perhaps, be difficult to comprehend Lucia's intense devotion to her lover, and passive sacrifice to her father's wishes. But those who can love as she did, religiously, entirely—and those only—seeing clearly where their duty lies, can walk straight to it, ay, even leave behind sweet pastures, cool waters and flowery groves, where nightingales sing, to wander, foot-sore and heart-weary, over rugged rocks, into the howling wilderness.

Alas! poor Lucia.

Evening came, the soft spring evening of the south, with hazy skies, and gentle breezes from the encircling sea. Lucia shut herself up in her room, and took out Emanuel's portrait.

"Mine to-day," she whispered; "my own, my best, my beautiful, let me bid thee farewell, farewell for ever!"

She held it to her lips, to her bosom, murmuring to herself that fond, forbidden name, prayed over it, kissed it again and again; and then, when she had folded round it a lock of her dark, soft hair, and placed both in the letter, that letter which was to bear such sorrowful tidings to him, relief came, and she wept at last.

"Lucia!"

Was that his spirit calling her? Thrilled, electrified by the sound of voice that was to her as a voice from the grave, her tears ceased, and the picture fell from her powerless hands.

It was indeed Emanuel: Emanuel changed, emaciated, careworn; but her own Emanuel still. The story of his escape was short. The fortress in which he had been confined had been taken by the Venetians; was still in their hands; and he, with many others, had hastened to the defence of their native city, for the danger threatening Venice was great. Without assistance from France or England, and speedy assistance, there was no hope—no alternative but a siege. Their fortresses could not be held for want of men; and ammunition and arms alike were wanting at home. Of all the late events young Pepoli had heard; and, having hastily embraced his parents, and the Signora Emilia, he rushed to Valletti's Palace.

"Ah, my Lucia," he said, "think of the joy I felt in being able to meet you openly, as becomes an honest man. Your father—take me to him; let us know each other? I am impatient to hear him call me his son!"

It was a hard task for Lucia to tell her tale of despair, but she did it unfalteringly.

"We must see each other no more; and think only of our duty, Emanuel," she said, gently; "others have as much to bear."

"No! by heavens!" cried the young man, with a vehement burst of passion; "it is too much. To think that I should have lived through those wretched months, enduring cold and hunger, and silent sailors, and such misery! oh, Lucia, it makes me sick at heart to think of it. Nothing to give me a hope or happy thought but your memory, nothing to cheer me, nothing to hope for but that; and now home, friends, country, will be more barren—more cruel than the oppressor's prison. Would that they had never, never been restored to me!"

He threw himself before her, and sobbed aloud, with his head upon her knees; and so, with her arms twined around his neck, they wept together till twilight faded, and night came. Then Lucia whispered,

"You must go, Emanuel. Speak to me; call me yours once more, and bid me farewell."

"I cannot—I cannot part from you, Lucia. You love me truly; let us always keep together!"

"Duty—home," she said, entreatingly.

"Do you think it a duty sent from heaven that should part us? Do not the angels love there? and is not our love as deep and pure as theirs? and home, Lucia, have we any home apart? Is any country our country, unless we share it together? For you will always love me. I shall never love you less."

"Oh, go! go! You tremble too much, Emanuel. Think of the dangers that threaten us all. Is this a time to talk of leaving

Venice? Think how much you are needed, how much you may do; for my sake, be brave, and forget everything else except the perils of Venice. I know you are courageous, Emanuel, help us all."

Her words aroused him; she had touched the right chord at last.

"God forgive me," he cried, "Lucia, bless you! We part; but not for long. Whatever comes, never fear, I am near you to protect you and watch over you always."

And so they parted, those warm, young, sorrowful hearts, parted with no hope of meeting again, save as friend meets friend, or brother meets sister. Yet the look of dead calm misery passed away from Lucia's face. She had seen him—he was near her; come what might, that consolation could never be taken from her.

But a consolation was at hand of which she little dreamed. The following day her father called her to him and said,

"Lucia, your underhand engagement to Emanuel Pepoli pained me greatly; but you are a good child, and have showed yourself obedient to my commands. It is, however, more suitable to my wishes and convenient to the interests of the family that, since the young man has returned, the engagement should not be broken off. Therefore, if he wish for my consent, he may have it; and mind, Lucia, if ever you have children of your own who deceive you, treat them as leniently as I have done you."

Poor Lucia! She received her father's coolly expressed policy as if it had been the kindest, most sacrificing affection in the world, weeping for joy upon his breast, and kissing his hands with murmured blessings, as though he had been an angel sent from heaven.

When good news comes to us we love the messenger with all our hearts, and feel a tenderness for him ever after, no matter who he be. We are brimful of curiosity and sympathy for all the world, not liking to see a child cry, or a fly caught in a spider's web. Everything ought to be happy and overjoyed as ourselves.

So it was with Lucia. Her father had bartered and bargained her away to suit his interests as he would have done a horse; ready, at one moment, to see her married, brokenhearted, to a man twice her age that she did not love; at another, to restore her to her lover, because he was the nobler and the richer of the two. Yet she, knowing happily nothing of his motives, only feeling that he had lifted her from the utmost misery to perfect happiness, loved him for ever after with double fondness and undying gratitude.

Of the young lovers' happiness, why need we say much? If their meeting under sorrow had been touching, their meeting under joy was still more so. Love and grief had deepened the tenderness and strength of their characters, and their affection was no longer the ardent love of youth and maiden, but the holy and refined passion of a thoughtful woman and a brave man. Besides, love was no longer the one interest and object in their lives; they had grown less egotistical; less wrapt in their own little world of joy and sorrow, and entered into the duties before them with courageous, unswerving hearts.

And both had duties before them. Duties, and dangers, and trials, which they met unshrinkingly.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE SIEGE.

THE siege of Venice begun. Alas! it was but the old, old story of the weak trampled down by the strong, and the fatal struggles of liberty against oppression. The universal spirit which had stirred the hearts of the Venetians was of the bravest, most heroic, most self-sacrificing; but their enemies were as thousands to their hundreds, and no mere bravery or skill could have saved the devoted city. The nations, who might have helped her, refrained from policy or weakness; and, although all Europe looked on in admiration, not a hand was raised in her cause. Haynau was the general deputed by the Austrians as commander of the besieging forces, and his hateful name inspired the Venetians with the utmost and sternest resolve. His conditions of surrender were unanimously refused, as were also those of Radetzky; and the fortress of Malghera abandoned, all their force and strength was concentrated on Venice. The bombardment was furious, and it seemed as if the lovely city, the Queen of the Adriatic, must fall, and be known no more in history. But in spite of all, in spite of their burning homes and devastated churches, and scanty food, the people were calm and resigned. The noble Manin possessed the confidence of all, and they were content to suffer, if need be, die with him. He was worthy of that confidence.

Count Valletti had rightly said that Lucia might, ere long, need a protector. The hazards of mind and over-exertion of body that he had endured of late told quickly on the old man, and he, who so lately had been as erect and active as any man in Venice, now lay on his dying bed, over which hung Lucia and Emanuel, weeping. They were the only mourners, for the times were too terrible to permit of the fulfilment of private duties and the indulgence of family sorrow.

"Alas!" said the dying man, as the sound of the enemy's guns troubled his last moments, "cannot I die in peace? Oh, children! always love your country, and strive for its freedom and happiness. Never bow your head to the oppressor, and if things come to the worst, quit Venice rather than live in dishonor. Quit it, or die. Death or exile. Ah! you are young and love each other; you will choose the latter. Well, you will do wisely; but never forget to offer a mass for my soul. I have been a hard man, and my heart has lately been full of hatred and passion, God forgive me; but I have always loved you, Lucia. Lucia, come closer to me; let me look upon your face once more. Say, have I not always loved you?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" sobbed Lucia on his bosom.

"And, Lucia, wherever you go, take with you your mother's picture. Take it, or bury it in the coffin with me. Ah, Leonora! I was not always kind to thee; but I loved thee till the last. Leonora, forgive! forgive! I come to thee!"

For some minutes he murmured thus to himself, and then, exhausted, sank back in the arms of Emanuel, and died quietly as a child would fall asleep.

Old Caterina, in her faithful love for her young mistress, worn out though she was by nursing, took upon herself the last offices for the dead, and that same evening Lucia allowed herself to be taken to Emanuel's home. The proud Count Paul, his somewhat frivolous French wife, his delicate, meek-eyed, little daughter, Maddalena, all received the grief-stricken girl with the utmost affection. Her sorrow, her beauty, her gentle firmness, and above all, her devotion to their Emanuel, endeared her to them all, and that night she slept sweetly and securely in Maddalena's room, with the child's arms around her, feeling already that, come what might, she had found a home. You may be sure that Signora Emilia had, before this, made acquaintance with her darling's betrothed; but that active and good-hearted lady had her small weaknesses, and one of these was jealousy where her affections were concerned. So proudly and fondly did she love her nephew, that no crowned queen would have been allowed by her to be good enough for him; and though she fully acknowledged Lucia's good qualities, she was never so loving to her as to the little invalid, Maddalena, and occasionally preached to her on the obedience and duty of wife to husband. Ah, Emilia! thy heart is good; but not great enough to understand such a nature as Lucia's.

The day after Count Valletti's funeral, Emanuel drew his betrothed aside, and said,

"Lucia, my duties at the forts, as gunner, have separated me much from you, will separate us still more. Who knows but that my duty may take me from you for ever?"

She looked up imploringly into his face.

"You will not leave me. You will not leave us?" she said.

"You do not understand me, love. I may fall in the defence of Venice. We all stand the same chance and we must learn to look on death without fear."

"Oh, I do not fear!" she cried passionately; "I have no fear of death; but I would not live alone. I would not live if—if you were to die, Emanuel. Those dreadful cannon—can nothing be done?—no honorable terms be made?"

"Hush, Lucia, would you have us disgrace ourselves? No, we must fight to the last."

She had thrown herself, weeping bitterly, on his bosom; but now she stood up before him, and, holding his hands, said gently and resolutely,

"Emanuel, I am not a coward. I feel as an Italian woman must and ought to feel, that our cause is good and right in the sight of Heaven, and worthy of being upheld till not a man is left in Venice to bear the scorn of the conquerors. But, my Emanuel, speaking as a Christian and as a woman only, not remembering the blood in my veins and the name I bear, I cannot but feel it is wrong to struggle when there is no longer any hope; to sacrifice old and young, young men and maidens, mothers and sucking babes, hundreds and thousands of innocent lives, merely out of a proud sense of honor,

to defy to the last. Look," she said, raising her hand to the window, from whence might be seen the blackened ruins and crumbling walls of the devastated quarters of Carnaeglio and Santa Croix, "think of the destruction and death we are bringing on ourselves—to no purpose."

"Alas, Lucia! to no purpose?" Emanuel said, bitterly. "Is this all the comfort you can give me?"

"No, we are not without hope, and I would not have you despair. Listen, love, I was wrong to say 'to no purpose': no brave and good work can be useless; and hereafter, many, many years hence, our children's children will be animated by the remembrance of our courageous defence, and will struggle and succeed. I do not believe that Venice will be long enslaved; our spirits are no longer cowered by the voice of a tyrant, but we must wait in patience till our time comes. And if it does not come in our own lifetime, oh, my own! my beloved! let us live in innocence and peace, and try to be content."

She threw her arms around his neck, and added,

"Couldest thou not be happy with me in exile, Emanuel?"

"Aye, I would be happy with thee anywhere. I would kneel down to God now and pray for such happiness; but, beloved, I must not—dare not. Whilst the cry of the people is 'Defiance to the last man! to the last ounce of powder! to the last crumb of bread!'

"Ah, no! no!" she replied, with shudder; "but the cholera and the famine—and the poor little children. Oh, Emanuel! it makes my heart sick to think how they suffer now; how they must suffer by-and-by."

"Pray to God, we may have relief! Think of our fleet, Lucia; it has already brought us wine, and it may do more; and Lucia, my tender, brave, noble girl, whatever sufferings come, let us share them together. There is no longer time for delay, be my wife to-day; to-morrow we must not count as ours."

She answered only by clinging to him more fondly, and that same day, almost at the same hour, they were married—she in her mourning attire, he in his soldier's suit. There was no festival, no strewing of flowers, no breaking of wine cups; but Lucia Valletti became the wife of Emanuel Pepoli amidst the booming sound of guns, the falling of blazing houses, and the silent, stern despair of a brave people.

"My own, henceforth—my own in exile, in life or death, my own for evermore."

And the husband blessed his young wife, looked into her sweet eyes to gather hope, kissed her lips, and returned to his duty.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

CHEOLERA in the dwelling-houses; whole families lying dead, and no hands to bury them, no eyes to weep for them; desolated homes and empty churches; flames rising in all parts of the city, from the bombs and bullets of the enemy; no food but vegetables, and a scanty morsel of bread; children weeping for hunger; stern soldiers weeping over their failing store of ammunition; despondency written on the countenances of the best and bravest. Oh, it was a terrible time in Venice! terrible for the strong man, the delicate woman, the helpless babe! terrible for the patriot, the wife, the mother!

But this agony was soon to end. There comes a time when the truly heroic man, who, for a cause which he feels to be true and good in the eyes of God and the world, has long and ardently striven, with brain, and nerve, and blood, at last sees that His will is not with him, and that he must desist, and bear in patience. Such a man will never despair; he knows there is a time appointed on this earth for good as well as for evil, and that, sooner or later, the good cause his heart so loved will prosper. He does not lose faith or religious fervor, but he is content to wait in patience, go to his rest, if Heaven so willed, and trust that another and fitter man will perfect his work. We think a book ought to be written, called "Unsuccessful Heroes." We should then see how much has been done by those that the world never heard of, to whom it never bowed the head, or raised the statue. Alas! the book of successful heroes is full of pitiable weaknesses, humiliating disclosures, ignoble small acts. Would not the history of the unsuccessful ones be a better, purer book, think you? What a lesson of sweet patience under disappointments, of earnest endeavor in the face of adverse circumstances, of meek contentment and humility, such a book would give us! But it would make us proud too—proud over our honor, over our good faith, over our domestic virtues; not proud of them—that would be but affect at self-sufficiency, but watchful over them, watchful against ourselves. Oh! why does not

her husband into the vessel. Her feelings could no longer be controlled there, and leaning on his shoulder, she wept bitterly.

Another trial awaited her. Emanuel now noticed that the Signora Emilia still lingered on the shore, although the vessel was on the point of sailing. Hastily whispering a few soothing words to his wife, he descended the gangway and seized his aunt's arm, before she was aware of his approach.

"Come," he said, quickly, "there is no time to spare. Wave your hand to them, say adieu, and come with me. Of what use to linger? the pang of parting must come."

She turned round sharply, and confronted him.

"No, nephew Emanuel," she answered, in a voice of suppressed emotion; "no, I shall not come with you."

He was too surprised to speak.

"Ah! did you think I should leave Venice? No, no, Emanuel! You are young and have a wife; you can be happy in exile; I could not. I have fought for Venice as well as a woman could, and though she is broken down by fire and wrath, and though her streets swarm with the conqueror's minions, I will not leave her! Do you think I fear them? Not I; and if the time come, I will fight for you all again."

"But you are not safe."

She laughed a little hysterically.

"Safe? Who dares to touch me? And my husband, poor man, is as safe here as anywhere else, for he is harmless as a baby. Yes, my Emanuel, I shall live here till my time comes to die, and if I never see you again, do not let us make ourselves foolish; don't cry, Emanuel, I cannot bear it. Why, if I never see you again, I may do so in heaven, you know; and my Francesco will come and see me sometimes. I shall not be forsaken or miserable. You can do without your old aunt, boy; think of your fair young wife, and cease weeping."

But Emanuel was too overcome now to be easily calmed. The events of the last few days had been borne in stolid self-control. Next to Lucia and Maddalena, perhaps he loved his aunt better than any one else in the world. No wonder the thought of parting with her caused the pent-up tears to flow.

She laid her hand caressingly over his dark hair, and added, in a softer key, perhaps the softest she had ever used in her life:

"Thy mother has not loved thee better than I have done, my Emanuel; I should have grieved more perhaps at parting from thee hadst thou wept less. But never be unhappy for thinking of me, and teach thy children to prattle to thee of thy old fond aunt Emilia. It will make me cheerful to hear of your well-being. Ah! don't say farewell; kiss me and go; I cannot bear that word."

They parted. The trim, rounded figure in scarlet and blue hastened home, and no one saw anything more of her that day. Emanuel joined his wife, and the two, hand in hand, watched the towers and campanilla of St. Marc fade from their sight, as the steamer sailed out of the Lagune.

Both were calm, though now and then a large tear fell. When, however, nothing could be seen of the beautiful home of their childhood, of their love and happiness, of their love and sorrow and endeavor, Emanuel stretched out his hand towards the horizon from whence it had disappeared, and cried aloud:

"Ah! Venice, we shall see thee no more; no more struggle for thee; no more call thee ours, since we could not keep thee from the thrall of the despot. Oh, God! it is hard."

"No," Lucia said, with a voice of sweet resignation, "do not say it is hard, Emanuel, it is not so hard for us as for some—some who have been left utterly desolate; we have each other to live for. Cannot we find another home? So long as we are together, any place in the world is home to me."

He bent down and kissed her tranquil, earnest brow.

"Santa Lucia," he whispered, "they called thee rightly so. God make me worthy of thee!"

THE END.

#### SOLDIERS GUARDING THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE INAUGURATION BALL WAS HELD.

The military precautions which had prevailed during the whole day were continued during the evening and night. A troop of Artillery was detailed to guard the ball building, adjoining the Court House, and the fair ladies glided in the mazy figures of the dance under the protection of the Government troops.

#### U. S. SOLDIERS ON THE ROOF OF ADAMS'S EXPRESS DURING THE INAUGURATION.

It was deemed expedient by that astute tactician, General Winfield Scott, to take extraordinary precautions on the day of the Inauguration of President Lincoln. United States Soldiers were stationed at all salient points, and even on the tops of houses at prominent places for observation. Our engraving represents a party of soldiers detailed for the roof of Adams's Express Establishment.

#### FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A RASCALLY police constable in Ireland was recently arrested at Ballincurra, on the double charge of perjury and arson, on which he will be tried at the next assizes. He set a rick of hay and another of straw on fire, arrested two laborers, and charged them home with the act, producing a hat which he swore was left behind by one of them. He then called a woman to support his evidence, when she swore he was the incendiary; that she gave him the hat, and that he committed the act and fabricated the charge to obtain promotion.

A LARID carp was caught recently in a pond of the chateau of La Beauvieu, near Bethune (Fas de Canais), France; and in the side of its head were two gold rings, on one of which was engraved (the characters, however, having become somewhat illegible) *Jas de Berville, 1704*.

The total receipts on the 10,000 miles of railway in Great Britain amounted to \$69,000,000, for the half year ending December 31st, 1859. The number of passengers amounted to 82,527,594.

LOUIS NAPOLON has made another venture in real estate. He has bought the Principality of Monaco, of the Prince of that name. The number of inhabitants is about 7,000. The price paid was 4,000,000 francs.

JOHN BROTHAM has reappeared at the Haymarket Theatre with great success. He is writing a new comedy, founded on American manners, in which he will contrast the two great branches of Anglo-Saxondom. An American editor and politician will appear in it.

After all, the freedom of the French press does not seem to have made much progress under Count de Perigny's liberal edict, for we read in the London *Court Journal* that the extraordinary measure against the press taken by M. de Persigny has excited great astonishment. The *Courrier du Dimanche* has not only received a warning, but its editor, M. Gregory Ganesco, is suddenly expelled the country, under the law which allows the Government to send away any foreigner without cause assigned. M. Ganesco is a Walachian, but he has lived many years in France, speaks French like a native, was associated with French literary men, and is altogether, in heart and habit, a Frenchman. He was the proprietor as well as the editor of the *Courrier du Dimanche*, and a part proprietor of *Figaro*. He received but a few hours' notice to leave, and is already on his way out of the country. The measure is to him one of utter ruin. The article incriminated passed unnoticed in Paris, and we are quite at a loss to say what passage or passages M. Persigny considers "insulting to the Government." He gives no reasons.

The inquest on the child murder at Road, England, will not be reopened, the judge having decided against it. It is currently stated, that although there is no doubt of the oldest daughter being the murderer, yet that there is no direct evidence, and that she has repeatedly shown symptoms of insanity. It is also said that her father is a severe and unreasoning man—hence the crime.

In the Divorce Court, before Sir C. Cresswell, a most singular case was argued. A young lady named Bevan, the daughter of a wealthy physician residing near Liverpool, was in the habit of riding from her father's house to town in an omnibus, of which a young man named McMahon was the conductor. This aspiring youth fell in love with the fair dame, and importuned her to marry him. Strange to add, she agreed, upon condition that he should get the marriage license in a false name. He did so, and they were privately married. She immediately left her husband, declaring that he must not claim her for two years. The poor fellow went away disconsolate and without his bride. In the course of a short time the lady's parents discovered the secret marriage, and have applied for a divorce on account of the fraud in the name. It is being argued, but no doubt the marriage will be annulled. It is supposed that the young lady is a little touched in the head.

A REMARKABLE case has lately occurred in London. In November last a woman had her throat cut by a man, John Stephenson, who immediately cut his own. He fell dead—but his victim, after two months careful nursing, recovered, and was able to go about her usual business. Early in February she took cold, and died of bronchitis. A Coroner's inquest was held, and the jury, going back to the primary case, found a verdict of wilful murder against John Stephenson, who had been in his grave two months.

#### FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

**PRECAUTIONS AGAINST STORMS ON THE COAST.—A SYSTEM WORTH KNOWING.**—Admiral Fitzroy's observations on coming storms, and the signs to tell them by, were acted up to on Wednesday week, the following notice being given to Aberdeen, Hull, Yarmouth, Dover, Liverpool, Queenstown, Valentia and Galway (besides other places) by telegraph: "Caution—Gale threatening from south-west and then northward. Show signal drum."

**THE FRENCH SPOILS IN CHINA.**—The principal objects sent from China by General de Montebello, and which are to be exhibited in the salons of the Pavilion Marsan at the Tuilleries, consist of arms, such as sabres, halberds and poignards; a complete uniform of the Emperor of China, comprising a helmet, surmounted by a steel point, similar to the Prussian ones, and having a large pearl at the front; a magnificent dagger, about ten inches in length, the hilt of which is covered with diamonds; a rich caparison for a saddle-horse; and a baton of command (corresponding to that of a marshal), and ornamented with three large pieces of jasper; the fittings-up of a Chinese temple, with singular-looking divinities and images; coffers, perfume-burners, an organ made by the Christian missionaries, and which bears the arms of Napoleon III., surrounded by Chinese ornaments of the most whimsical description, &c.

**SALMON HATCHED IN LONDON.**—Lieutenant Buckland, the naturalist, writes: "Salmon have been hatched within the walls of our smoke-covered, crowded London. When in the shop of Mr. Lloyd, some time ago, he showed me some boxes, in which he was about to commence the experiment of hatching salmon; and on Friday last he showed me seven little beauties, literally 'alive and kicking' in their artificial nursery. They are now nearly three weeks old, and are in good health. Their bodies, about half an inch long, are like those of other young fish. This first recorded instance of salmon hatching in a systematic manner in London, has therefore been achieved under considerable difficulty. The apparatus in which they were hatched is exceedingly simple, being a box filled with stones, which is covered over with fine sand; over this a gentle stream of water is perpetually running, and the supply, depth and swiftness of the current can be regulated by an ingenious series of stopcocks, &c."

**JEALOUSY AMONG BIRDS.**—Mr. White, surgeon, Sherbourne, writes thus: "The idea that jealousy is confined only to the human race is wrong; the cat, dog, common fowls, and domestic birds of song, especially the latter, are strongly impregnated with that vicious or choleric malady. Last summer I had a pet goldfinch, a sweet warbler. At that period I had taken a fancy to a canary, which I subsequently purchased, in consequence of its remarkably fine notes. I hung the cages of both birds on either side of my parlor window, and from that very hour, the goldfinch ceased to sing, moped, and remained at the bottom of the cage. Immediately I left off caressing my new purchase (the canary), and approached the goldfinch, and passed my fingers over the wires of his cage, it sprang with stones, which is covered over with fine sand; over this a gentle stream of water is perpetually running, and the supply, depth and swiftness of the current can be regulated by an ingenious series of stopcocks, &c."

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**THE INTERNATIONAL ROWING MATCH.**—The challenge of Chambers, the celebrated waterman of the Thames, to row Joshua Ward, of Newburg, United States, a right-away scullers' race of five miles, on the river Hudson, for \$2,000 a side, has just been accepted by the American champion. The match is to take place within twenty-five days of the signing of the articles, and is to be conducted in accordance with the regulations published by the Thame Regatta Committee, Chambers stipulating to receive \$500 by way of expenses, and to be accompanied by Henry Clasper as trainer. Should any difficulty arise as to the proposed locality in which the race is to be decided, Chambers agrees to contend with Ward on one of the rivers of France, allowing him £100 for his travelling expenses from America.

**A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A FOX.**—As Archibald Thow, servant to Mr. Scott Milton of Balhail, Brechin, was going away to his work, he heard some disturbance about the henroost, and thinking it might be some dog prowling about, he went to see what was the matter. On entering, however, he was suddenly seized by some ferocious animal; but, being quite dark, he was unable to see what it was. In the scuffle the animal got a firm hold of one of his hands. Archie, nothing daunted—having now but one hand to fight with—got him down, and put his knee on the animal's neck to make him relinquish his hold, but of no avail. Mr. Fox still kept his hold (for it was now evident that it was a huge monster of a fox, by the whisking of the brush in his face). Archie having no other weapon of defence, commenced kicking him on the head with his feet, and succeeded in kicking out both his eyes, and in wrenching his hand from the iron grasp, striking the teeth through the flesh. There being no time to lose, he instantly caught the fox by the hind legs and dashed his head against a stone several times. Now, thinking he was dead, he laid him down; but Mr. Fox, not to be done yet, seized Archie by the back of the leg, but being much exhausted, he was not able to rend his teeth through the top of his boot. The struggle being now over, Archie caught him by the back, swung him over his shoulder, and carried him home as a trophy of victory. The animal is now being stabled by Mr. Clift, High street, Brechin.

**UNDE INFLUENCE BY A CONFESSOR.**—An account was given some time ago of an action having been brought before the Civil Tribunal in Paris, by the heirs of an old lady named Verdelot, who died in 1848, to have declared null and void a will by which she left nearly the whole of her fortune, exceeding 100,000 francs—chiefly in railway shares and bonds—to a certain Abbé Bernard; but their suit was rejected. They appealed to the Imperial Court against this decision, on the ground that the priest had exercised undue influence over the old lady to induce her to make the will. They showed that he became acquainted with her in 1848 (at which time he was attached to the church of St. Roet); but from which he was afterwards dismissed), in consequence of her having employed him to say masses for the repose of the soul of her husband, who had died just before; that he afterwards became very intimate with her, and was her confessor; that at length he went to live in the same house that she did, and continued to do so for many years, until she died; that he kept her relatives and friends from her, and would not even allow them to see her in her last illness, &c. The court, after examining the facts adduced, came to the conclusion that the Abbé Bernard had abusively exercised the influence which, as confessor and friend, he had gained over the old lady to cause her to make the will, and accordingly declared it null and void.

**LORD CAMPBELL** said he himself heard a judge at Stafford thus sentence a prisoner to death for forgery: "And I trust, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may experience that mercy in another world which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here."

**THE MAGISTRATES OF S—** lately appointed several persons to act as guides to the numerous strangers who visit the locality. A new cemetery was in course of formation, and a stranger observing the number of workmen levelling the soil, asked one of the guides as to the intentions of the operations. "They are making a seminary for the dead," was the reply.

**THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN LONDON FOR 1862.**—The exhibition of 1862 will be a very grand one—vastly different in all its characteristics to 1851—which breached an idea, and flung out suggestions which have been worked out into principles to rule the doings of next year. The galleries of fine arts will be unparalleled by anything ever seen in the world; but art will not monopolize, for, by a method of arrangement suggesting itself in the last exhibition, a system of classification will be adopted in science, manufactures and the world's products, which shall at once enable the intelligent spectator to realize, appreciate, compare, and draw conclusions as to the merits, uses and possible development of these branches of the world's doings and products.

**SIGNIFICANT CHANGE OF OPINION IN RUSSIA.**—A Warsaw letter states: "Public opinion, which is here generally very silent, has been recently aroused by a fact which is somewhat important in a local point of view. Colonel Leuchte has been sent to the fortress Zamoek, to be imprisoned several years. He killed, in a fit of passion, several of the peasants on a certain property which the State had made him a present of. In the time of the Emperor Nicholas he would only have received a simple reprimand; but the Emperor Alexander views these affairs in a different light. His Majesty ordered the colonel to be brought before a military tribunal, and the court having shown itself too lenient, he ordered a fresh trial, which ended in a condemnation."

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**THE HON. JOHN COCHRANE** was serenaded on Saturday evening at his residence by the Dodworth Band. His four years Congressional duties having expired, his constituents took the opportunity of thus complimenting their eloquent friend and representative. Our citizens cannot do better than make him their Mayor.

A DIABOLICAL attempt was made between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning to set fire to a five-story tenement-house, No. 274 East Houston street. But for the fortunate circumstance of one of the lodgers being ill, there is little doubt but that a large sacrifice of life would have been the result. The villainous incendiary had placed a quantity of rags soaked in camphine under the stairs. There was no fire escape to this wretched trap of death. If Mr. Fouché Kennedy would pay a little attention to these matters it would be advisable. Lincoln's life is now safe, and there are no more Southern arms to seize. Let him therefore set Devos and Sampson on detecting the plots of the landlords to burn up their unhappy tenants.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the Democrats have by no means agreed to nominate Dr. Elder as their candidate Mayor of Hoboken. An equally respectable, and in some respects more eligible candidate, will be brought forward at the proper time. Johnson, the present incumbent, so Judge Whitley says, is willing to serve another term, and he has filled the chair so worthily that he deserves the compliment. Peter Reynolds, of the Hoboken Standard, will be the new Postmaster. There cannot be a better man. Judge Whitley will be offered the Consulship to Plymouth. Counsellor Lyons will also receive an appointment.

THE notorious slave-ship *Cora* has been again seized by the authorities, on suspicion of being on the start for another slave voyage. Mr. Barnes, cooper, of this city, is the present owner.

THE NEW YORK Historical Society held their monthly meeting at their rooms in the Second avenue on the 5th. The attendance was large. President Lincoln was elected an honorary member, and a pitcher was exhibited on which was embossed an admirable medallion profile of George Washington, and which was manufactured in the lifetime of our great founder. Dr. Fischell then read his paper on the "Inquisition in America." It was a very interesting and admirable composition.

**BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES YATES**, of the Second Brigade, gave the Second of the Twelfth Regiment lectures at Irving Hall on the evening of the 7th, to a very large and attentive audience. It was on the "Science of Arms as connected with Progress and Civilization." The third and concluding lecture will be by Captain Mansfield Lovell on "Heavy Ordnance and Seacoast Defences." These lectures should be more frequent; indeed, every regiment should have them. It would do more to elevate our soldiery than any other practice the officers could adopt.

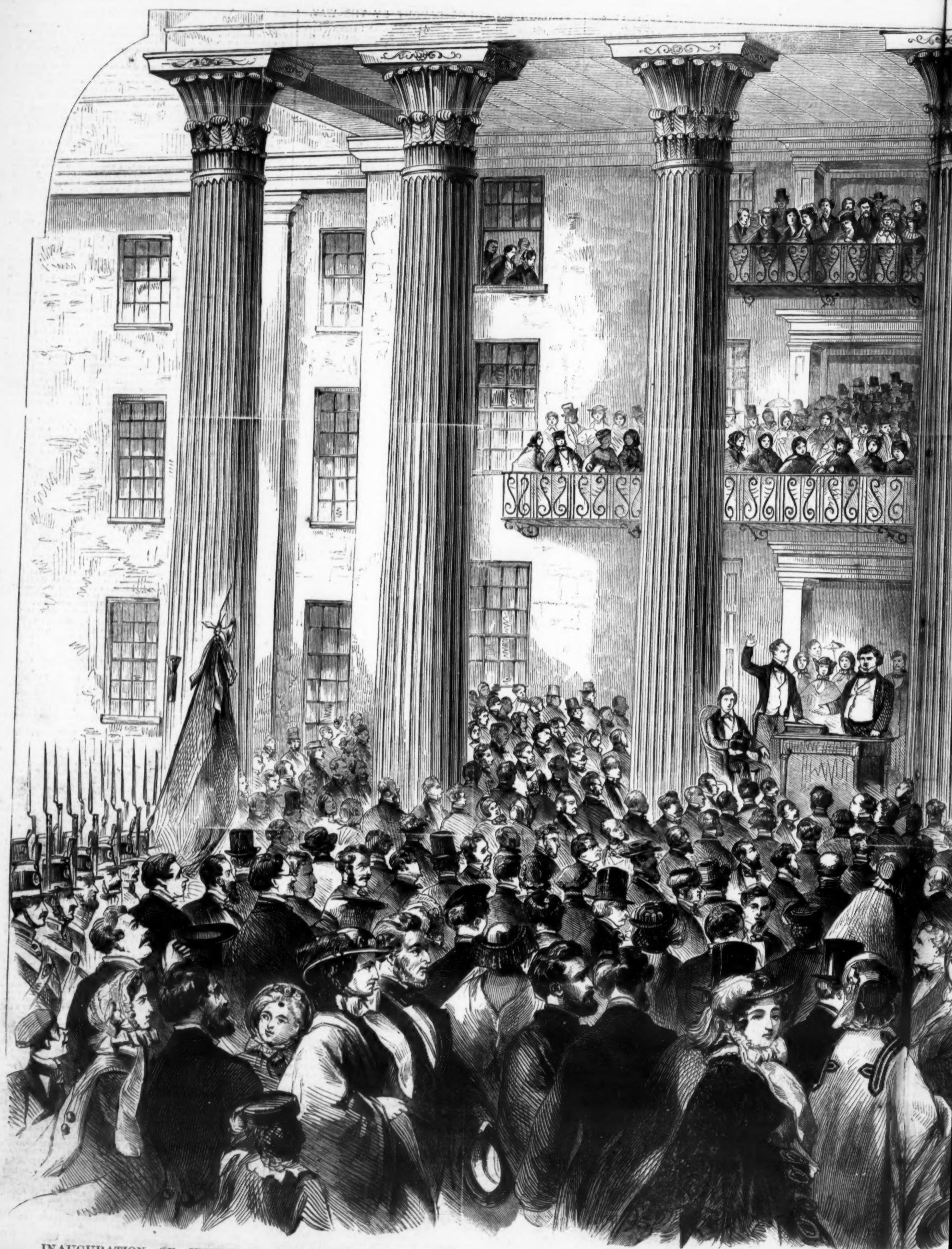
MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN gave their first Levee at the White House on the 8th of March. It was a complete crush. Conspicuous among the visitors were Judge Douglass and his beautiful wife, who was the acknowledged belle of the evening. Mrs. Lincoln was supported by her sisters and niece, Miss Edwards, a charming person of some nineteen summers. We have said so much about dresses in our account of the Inauguration Ball that we spare our description here, contenting ourselves by declaring that the Presidential ladies were dressed in exquisite taste—so says the Jenkins of the daily press.

DR. VERMULS, formerly of New York, but who has lately resided at Newmarket, New Jersey, committed suicide on the morning of the 9th instant, throwing himself before the express train as it darted along with lightning speed, on the Central Railroad, near the Newmarket station. His mind had been much disturbed for some months, but none of his friends ever suppose that he had a design on his own life.

THE INQUIRY into Policeman Williamson's charges against Superintendent Kennedy has ended in their total rebuff. They were too absurd to be believed. Whatever may be our opinion of Mr. Kennedy's seizing the 11th of March, there can be no question he is a most capable and honest head police. A little impetuosity is natural to the position.

SHORTLY before the sailing of the *Cahawba* for New Orleans on the 11th a serious accident occurred to a Cuban gentleman named Mondiver, who had gone on board to see two friends off. He was standing near the hatchway, and stepped aside to permit a lady to pass, but in doing so fell through the hatchway to the bottom, receiving, it is feared, fatal injuries. The hatchway was covered with a piece of canvas, loosely attached to the sides, but afforded no protection to the unfortunate young Cuban in his fall. This is not the first dangerous accident caused by crinoline.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, one of the parties implicated in the abstraction of the Indian bonds from the Interior Department, was discharged on the 11th from custody by the Criminal Court in Washington, on the ground that, under the law passed by Congress in 1857, he having given testimony before the investigating Committee, he was exempt from all penalties which might otherwise be visited upon him. The trial of the other parties, however, will soon proceed.



INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, AT MONTGOMERY, ALA., THE CAPITAL.



THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, ON MONDAY, FEB. 18, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.

**ERLE GOWER:**  
OR, THE  
**SECRET MARRIAGE.**

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Yes, life has left him—every busy thought,  
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,  
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,  
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;  
And I have given that which spoke and moved,  
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,  
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,  
Soon the foul food for reptiles."—*Old Play.*

Lord Kingswood passed a terrible night alone in his study. The communication made to him by Pharisee overwhelmed more than it bewildered him. He believed it, even though he tried to consider it but the loose statement of an intoxicated man, who, in the aberrations of drunkenness, confused the details of the story confided to him.

It was humiliating to him to reflect that, although he only too well knew that the woman he had loved—and yet loving, betrayed—had borne him a child, he had never made a single inquiry respecting its sex.

The circumstances connected with the whole transaction were so base, that in the spring of his married life with Lady Kingswood he was only too glad to let them sink into an obscurity so deep that he hoped they could never again be dragged forth to human gaze.

He had, it is true, his compunctions visitings. Conscience will make its voice heard, even in the breasts of the hardened; but a'st his passionate fits of remorse—indulged in when quite alone—were less for the sufferings he had made his victim endure than they were for the hazardous position in which his villainy had placed him. This systematic closing of his mind and memory against every incident connected with his cruel guilt, deprived him of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many minor facts which now would have been of importance to him to be in possession of, and he was, consequently, when the events were reproduced, attended with terrible forewarnings of evil to him, tossed upon a sea of doubt and incertitude, which prevented him actually discrediting any tale thrust upon him.

He was, however, tempted to believe the story told him by Pharisee, for the reason that the latter had received it from some old man living in an obscure neighborhood, and who evidently, when Pharisee met him, was engaged in tracking out Horace Vernon, possibly with the view of making money of the information he possessed. He had mentioned facts which one alone who was in possession of the principal events could have disclosed. His object was clearly not to deceive, but either to gratify the feelings of revenge, originating in some wrong inflicted upon him by Vernon, or the greed of gain.

In any case, he could have no motive, such as Vernon had, to trick or cheat the person most deeply interested in his revelations; and the probabilities, therefore were, that he had spoken the truth—that, indeed, the fair, spirit-like creature he had seen with Vernon in the park and in the salons of the Marquis of Chillingham was his daughter. In one particular this possibility created within his breast a sense of relief. If it were so, his son, Cyril, the son of Lady Kingswood, would still be the heir of his house.

Then, to disturb this impression, the marvellous resemblance which the face of Erle bore to his own and to his ancestors presented itself to him. Was that a coincidence? It might be. A strange one, doubtless, but still not impossible. If this girl, now put forward as his child, were not his daughter, her resemblance to the mystic Lady Mand, the ancestor whose doom was interwoven with the destinies of his race, was even a yet more remarkable coincidence.

Weighing one probability against another, his presumption was in favor of the truth of Pharisee's communication.

But what a terrible fact it brought with it!

His son, Cyril, was in love with the maiden, had met her frequently in the Chace, and always alone. He turned cold and faint as he remembered the hunting-lodge. What might have happened at those meetings he shuddered to imagine.

The girl was young and innocent, and his son, he believed, of an honorable nature; but, also, the girl's innocence might be very weakness, and his son's error the result of passion, uninfluenced by dishonorable intentions.

He grew frenzied and distracted by the phantoms his disordered mind conjured up; he judged human nature by the standard of his own fallibility, and was appalled at the conclusion he drew.

Irrisolent and vacillatory by nature, especially when in the throes of a sharp difficulty, he yet formed two resolves, neither of which, he felt but to be, could be for a moment delayed. The first was to have an interview with his son, Cyril, the second to summon to his presence the man who had disclosed to Pharisee the remarkable secret he had that night revealed.

The hours passed long and tormentingly until the day dawned, and then removing, so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thoughts, he sent a messenger to inquire after his son's health, and a request that he would attend him in his study as early as possible.

The servant found Cyril dressed in walking attire, and on the eve of departing from the house. The man delivered his message, dwelling, as instructed, upon the desire Lord Kingswood had to have an interview with him if he had strength to undergo one.

Cyril made no reply, but proceeded immediately to the library, and entering it, perceived his father pacing it with an excited gait.

Lord Kingswood, the instant his eye lighted upon his son, ceased his disturbed walk, and advancing to him, took him by the hand and pulled him into his face.

Cyril was wan rather than pale; the agonies of a desperate mental conflict had left saddening traces upon his features, but the expression they bore now was one of sullen despair mingled with an ugly-looking spirit of determination.

"Cyril, you look pale, agitated, ill," observed Lord Kingswood, "and unhappy the events of last night leave me in no doubt as to the cause. As your future happiness seems to be involved in the proper adjustment of what, after all, can be and must be considered as a vexing and painful episode in your youthful life, I have sent for you to talk with you, to reason with you, to show you that the past must be forgotten—"

"Never, my lord," interposed Cyril, almost fiercely.

"Must be!" cried Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice until his tone became vehement. "Listen to me; do not interpose a remark upon any observation of mine until I request you; you will then understand its object and its proper bearing upon the subject we are about to discuss. I am about to deal plainly with you, I hope that you will be frank with me."

Lord Kingswood paused for minute. Twice or thrice he essayed the commencement of a sentence, but he found himself unable to articulate, and he was compelled abruptly to press his hands over his eyes and pace hurried up and down the chamber.

Suddenly he halted, and, by an impatient movement, withdrew his hands from before his face.

"It is folly," he exclaimed, with set teeth, "to betray this weakness. It will ruin all. It is necessary that we should both be calm and firm if we would not see the house of Kingswood topple down upon our heads and crush us beneath its ruins. Cyril, you have, in weak submission to the rash impulses of your youth, flung your heart at the feet of a young girl, to you unknown and obscure, because her face happens to be fair. In the delirium and intoxication of your senses you have elevated a boy's inconsiderate passion into the higher, more ennobling, purer and enduring emotion of love."

Cyril waved his hand with a furious movement, and with a stern frown, cried,

"No, my lord. Do not deceive yourself by the canting whisperings of experience falsely so called. Experience should tell you that there is no emotion so pure, so free from dishonorable taint, so unselfish, so holy as first love. Experience has taught me this—it has pointed out to me the wide interval between passion and love, and I have recognised it. I have tested my heart, my lord. I have strained it until my heartstrings have almost cracked. I am not deceived—I love!"

"Mad, impetuous, hasty fool!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, impetuously. "You know not what you say, even as you do not yet know the characteristics of your nature, the strength of your emotions, or the real waywardness of your fancies. You talk of your experience and what it has taught you; bah! Your lesson is yet to come—it has yet to be learned; you may talk of experience and its suggestions, when, like myself, you have verified the fallacy of youthful aspirations, when you have proved that the love you now invest with such heavenly attributes is but ashes in the mouth and bitterness to the spirit. Love, boy! you do not yet dream that it is but another name for carking misery—that he passes through life the happiest man who is never smitten by it; that it is all the golden qualities of a generous nature beamed into a mass and flung into an unfathomable pool, to return to the surface only in hideous shapes; that it is the gift of a soul, to be returned by treachery, perfidy, baseness, the blight, deepest, basest ingratitude."

Cyril looked at him earnestly and a wonder.

To whom did he especially allude in this wholesale condemnation of woman?

He noted his brows, and said, with a strange tone of voice,

"My lord, do you give to me these assertions as the result of your love for my mother?"

Lord Kingswood started. Lady Kingswood certainly was uppermost in his thoughts when he thus denounced the tender passion, but he had no desire to make such a confession, certainly not to her son.

He waved his hand.

"In such remarks it is not my intention to specify any individual," he said hastily; "I speak in general terms of the folly, and, in short, the madness of giving way to the fascination created by a too warm appreciation of female charms. I counsel you only against being misled by promptings which are nothing more than the instinctive impulses of youth—impulses that require to be watched with care, and controlled and guided in a proper direction. Were we all to heedlessly and recklessly give way to the rash inclinations of our first impressions, we should but store up for ourselves abundant sources of future misery. Society forms better arrangements, and wisely admits other considerations into the formation of an union between two young persons of opposite sexes than those ofiking. Love is not the only requisite to conquer the happiness of married life, there are others which will compensate for the want of love, but without which love itself can find no happiness. In your coming union with Miss Eleanore Cotton—

"My lord, speak to me no more about that marriage, it can never take place," interposed Cyril, with firmness.

"It must—it shall!" responded Lord Kingswood, with vehemence. "I have said it—I say it again. I have passed my word to Mr. Cotton that his proposition—his princely proposition—should be entertained. My word, Cyril—and you know that I never submit it to be questioned—at any and every sacrifice, if once passed, I keep. You have already paid the young lady attention; she appears to be much attached to you; society has already recognised the engagement between you. To throw her off now would be unjustifiably cruel; it might break her heart, and thus fasten upon you a crime you would never cease to regret to the last moment of your existence."

Cyril turned sharply to him.

"My lord, if I understood you rightly," he said, with bitterness in his tone, "you characterised woman's nature as a bottomless pool, which returned the love thrown into it transformed into figures of treachery, perfidy and falsehood. If any love I might proffer Miss Eleanore Cotton were to be no repaid, a lack of attention to her on my part would hardly become the crime you suggest."

"Cyril," returned Lord Kingswood, with abrupt sternness, "it is not my intention to discuss this question in a spirit of subtle casuistry with you. You are committed to Miss Eleanore, and you must marry her."

"I cannot, my lord," returned Cyril, firmly.

"There are duties pertaining to your position which you must fulfil!" urged Lord Kingswood. "You have been born to rank, to a name, to an elevated position in the kingdom, in the Government of which I now hold a high and important post. There are sacrifices of the heart, of the affections, of the passions, of the dearest inclinations, and the tenderest sympathies, which are exacted sternly and unrelentingly by the position which you hold no less than my pledged word. As a Kingswood, my plighted faith must be held yet more sacred than fame, rank, life itself!"

Lord Kingswood clenched his hands, and his heart sank within him. For what had Cyril pledged his faith? Not a mere interchange of love sentiment. Surely he had not engaged in a secret marriage. His heart seemed to suddenly cease to beat, his face and lips blanched, and the room reeled round him. He staggered back a step or two, but by an almost superhuman effort, controlled the paralysing character of his emotion.

"You are a minor," he gasped. "You can enter into no contract, no pledge, no promise, without my assent. Wanting that, it is null and void, worthless. You cannot bind yourself to an alliance opposed to the traditions of your house. Boy, if you are born to the advantages of rank and fortune, they demand of you that you shall properly and nobly sustain the rights and duties they impose upon you."

"Have the heirs to the name always done this?" asked Cyril, bitterly.

"How dare you question their—my honor?" exclaimed his father, wrathfully, the more angrily, perhaps, because he felt most acutely that every argument he urged at his son was a lash for himself. "I simply ask, have they done this?" persisted Cyril.

"I can have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative," returned his father, feeling, though he spoke emphatically, that he was resorting to a mean evasion.

"My honor, my lord, is surely then as dear to me as to them," replied Cyril. "Youth cannot afford it immunity. That which would be dishonorable in my actions two years hence, must be equally dishonorable now. My integrity cannot be affected by dates; my honesty and truth cannot be intrinsically valuable at some future period and be worth nothing now. If I, being a minor, can break my plighted sacred word solemnly entrusted to one who is dear and as necessary to my happiness as the vital principle of my life is to my heart, what is to prevent my breaking a faith not pledged or plighted by me with another? If I am bound by your plighted word to Eleanore Cotton, I am no less bound by my own registered vow to another."

"No; not as my son, as my heir, as the representative of the House of Kingswood. You have no power in you nonage to dispose of your hand unless with my sanction," cried his father, with frantic vehemence.

"Then!" exclaimed Cyril, with a passionate burst, "farewell name, rank, position, house, all but her. She will love me, cling to me, for what I am when I am with her, not for what I have been or might become."

"It is in vain, my lord," interposed Cyril. "I pray you let me depart in peace. We shall never agree on this distressing subject. You cannot change me."

"But I will," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with fierce energy. "Listen to me, and tremble."

For a moment he buried his hands in his hair, and bowed his head low down. His whole frame became fearfully convulsed, but he struggled with the spasm, and once more turned his uncovered face to his son to speak with him.

Cyril stood where he perceived his father's distorted, livid features, and his glaring eyes. He felt then that some tremendous revelation awaited him, and even as his father had bidden him, he trembled.

Lord Kingswood slowly extended towards him his white and quivering hand.

"Cyril," he exclaimed, in hollow, solemn tones, "the Kingswoods are a doomed race—doomed until one of its descendants, by his own superhuman endurance, his unflinching spirit, his unwavering faith, his unimpeachable honor, his overpowering energy, shall remove the ban resting upon it. I cannot now enter into the whole of the tradition or any part of it but what relates to myself and to you. I am heart-sore and heart-sick. I would willingly be the humblest soldier, keeping dreary watch in the pathless wastes of the barren regions of Siberia, than that empty mockery the Lord Baron of Kingswood. But I am he, and I must fulfil my destiny as thou thinse."

He paused for a moment, and then drew a long breath.

"But recently," he continued, "we stood together beneath the walls of the old hunting-tower yet standing in Kingswood Chace; I pointed out to you a window, at which, at certain times, there appeared to a Kingswood a female face of more than mortal beauty. Such have my ancestors seen—such a face I beheld. It is now more than twenty years past, that, alone, my gun upon my arm, I sauntered, somewhat faint and tired with my sport, within the precincts of that tower. I knew it to be inhabited by an old crone, and possibly the induce of a draught of cool water drew me thither. I paused before the walls suddenly, for my eye was arrested by the face of one young, and so entrancingly beautiful that creature of earth she seemed not to be. She regarded me with as much wonder as I did her, and the expression of her face that she had upon me; but even while a pleased smile was yet upon her lips, she started and vanished. At the same moment I observed, standing at the door of the lodge, the elf-like crone, Eldra, who dwelt there. She shook her talon-finger at me, and bade me depart, telling me the heir of Kingswood found within those walls his ruin. I smiled at the old creature's gloomy foreboding, and begged a cup of water. She brought it to me and told me that I had better ask her for cup of poison, and if I valued my happiness or life, and a peaceful deathbed, never to come near those walls until after I had given my hand in marriage. I laughed and went away. But I came again, for that face, with its wondrous beauty, haunted me; it was like a spell upon me—I could not rest within Kingswood's halls—it floated before me in the day, it smiled upon me in my dreams at night. Marie Mo, Cyril, I had laughed at the words of the crone, because I was betrothed to Lady Kingswood—to your mother. I knew that I should marry her, and that no idle superstition could affect me or that. I went again, I saw that face, I spoke to it; I said—I know not what. I went again and again to breathe most passionate protestations, and to learn that they had not been uttered without their natural effect. Up to this time she had remained at the window; I had stood upon the turf beneath—we had approached each other no nearer. She was ever there when my advancing footstep, almost noiseless as it was, reached her expectant ear, and she vanished at each interview as unexpectedly and abruptly as she had at first, when I was advised by it of the presence of old Eldra. Suddenly the elf-woman appeared, and after she had gone, and the hunting-lodge was closed and tenantless, I saw that fair and wondrous creature no more within the precincts of the Chace."

Lord Kingswood, whose features had been rigid and his eyes wild, now displayed an expression of terrible humiliation and shame, so that it was painful for Cyril to look upon him. With a hoarse, unsteady voice, he proceeded rapidly:

"I had a school companion, an associate, one whom I made a more intimate companion than I did others. He resided not many miles from Kingswood. He one day told me of a—fondness—an attachment he had formed for a maiden gentle and beautiful, a—a—he would insist on reposing his confidence in me. I sought it not, he—he would not rest until he had introduced me to the creature of his choice. I weakly consented. I found myself face to face—hand to hand, boy!—with the Wonder of Kingswood Chace!"

Cyril groaned, and clutched at a bookcase for support, while his father, shrinking rather than speaking, continued:

"Her beauty slew me—stamped out honor, truth, faith, everything. A year of mad delirium ensued, events crowded on me, crushed me, left me bankrupt in all that a true man holds brightest and dearest."

"But her—what of her?" demanded Cyril, with starting eyes and a half-suppressed tone.

With a laugh like that of a maniac, his father cried,

"She was a mother—deserted and abandoned—a mother, and with one child!"

"Thine!" gasped Cyril.

"Mine!" ejaculated his father, in an unearthly tone.

Cyril pressed his hands upon his temples, and turned his ghastly face to his father.

"That child!" he sighed, in an almost inarticulate tone.

"You first beheld in Kingswood Chace," cried his father, hoarsely; "that child is she whom you have dared to love—she—the Wonder of Kingswood Chace. She whom you would make your wife is your sister!"

The household was startled by a wild, piercing scream.

And as well by the frantic ringing of the bell of Lord Kingswood's study. In a few minutes afterwards, affrighted faces were turned upon each other, and horrid whispers reported through the house that Cyril Kingswood was dead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The tongues of mocking maidens are as keen.

As the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings

Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things.—Shakespeare

The words which Erle had spoken to Violet during his interview with her were words of solace, of consolation, of joy, for they were words of hope. Her experience of human nature was necessarily of the most limited character. She saw with the eyes of her own genuine, uncontaminated heart, and believed all other beings

A smile chased from Erie's expressive features the angry gloom which had clouded them as his eyes fell upon Beatrice Stanhope, and he quickly stretched out his hand, caught hers within it and pressed it.

Erie had a grateful disposition. Beatrice had received him with unaffected kindness, and had treated him with courtesy and attention when he was homeless and, as he believed, friendless; his feelings towards her were, therefore, of a very friendly nature. He was not affected by her personal appearance, but he was by those qualifications which he esteemed to be an ornament to any woman.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, in his rich, pleasant voice.

"It is permitted us to doubt," she replied naively. "If I had not been reared with a rude and boisterous brother, and therefore half boy myself, I should have missed the present opportunity of opening the vials of my wrath and pouring them upon your head. I have had really to battle my way through a whole squadron of cavalry forming your escort to grasp the chance of saying a word to you."

"I regret you should have had so much difficulty to encounter with the prospect of so poor a reward," he returned.

She raised the handle of her whip and shook it at him, smiling as she did so.

"Why give me the difficulty? I caught your eye as you passed me," she answered.

"Indeed, I did not see you, or I would have reined in my horse and spoken to you instantly," he rejoined.

"Well, I am expected, of course, to believe you. I will, however, execute my mission, and then relieve you of my tedious company as soon as possible," she returned.

"You wrong yourself and me by that observation," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Oh, no!" she ejaculated, hastily. "Do I not see how fairly you are companioned side by side with one so extremely beautiful? The society of any other individual, especially one of my own sex, can hardly fail to be to you an encroachment, an intrusion and a bore."

"Again you wrong yourself," he answered, a smile playing on his face.

"You are either, sir, a shameless man-flirt—or—or that lady is—your sister."

She indicated Violet with the golden knob of her riding-whip rather than pointed at her.

A slight shade of surprise passed over Erie's features at this remark. It was a style of badinage which Beatrice had not indulged in, at least with him, before.

"That lady is not my sister," he replied, a little seriously.

"Not even a cousin?" she asked, with well-assumed archness.

"Not even a cousin," he responded, thoughtfully, for it flashed through his mind that, in the uncertainty of his origin, it was a question he could not honestly answer with decision.

Beatrice heard him with an expression of seriousness upon her countenance. She wished this marvellous beauty had been his sister. She would have even been in a degree comforted if she had stood to him in that much-abused and mistrusted degree of relationship—a cousin; but to be connected to him by no tie of affinity was to be allied to him by a bond of love. A spasm went through her frame at the thought. She, like, alas! too many of her sex, the moment her jealousy was excited, could think and talk of nothing but the object of her mistrust, and that, too, in the shape of a severe cross-examination.

"I have seen the face before," she exclaimed, in her eagerness to learn something about Violet, forgetting what was due to her own dignity. "Pray, can you enlighten me where, Mr. Gower?"

He looked at her for a moment steadfastly.

"I cannot," he answered.

"Or will not," she rejoined, gazing back at him fixedly, apparently endeavoring to read in his features the truth as he had shaped it.

He elevated his eyebrows with an expression of astonishment, but he only replied by a slight shake of the head.

"You know Lord Kingswood, I think?" she observed, eying him attentively, while she conducted her cross-examination with a woman's consummate skill.

Now his eye gleamed and his brow fell. He bowed stiffly affirmatively.

She observed his peculiarity of manner, but refused to heed it, because her question was the stepping-stone to one the elucidation of which she had set her brother Carlton to obtain.

She bent her face slightly round towards his, and rested her eyes upon his face, as she said,

"You know, of course, Lady Maud St. Clair?"

She uttered the words rapidly, and enunciated them emphatically.

A flush of crimson mounted to his brow, and he bowed lower than before an assent to hide the scarlet hue spread over his face. Beatrice, with an emotion of vexation, perceived it, and tossed up her head, giving way to a slight ebullition of anger, because he, whom she thought so proud and dignified in his bearing, should blush at the mention of a lifeless doll of a girl, though she was titled and well-descended.

But she had not done yet; she had a purpose to accomplish, and she contrived to hide the disturbed emotion the confession she thus extorted from him had occasioned.

That is to say, many a maiden fair who possesses an interest in some well-looking young gentleman invariably converts an acknowledgment from the said youth that he has the pleasure of being acquainted with a pretty girl, known to the said maiden, into a confession that he has been paying court to the pretty girl, or at least flirting with her. Beatrice was of the same complexion as many a maiden fair, and therefore she was morally convinced that any interviews which might have taken place between Erie and Lady Maud could not have passed over with indifference by either or both. She satisfied herself, therefore, that there was much on this head which it would be needless to make her mistress of.

She decided at once to make, if possible, the acquaintance of Violet, and with this purpose in view, lowering her voice to almost a whisper, said,

"You have no doubt observed the singular resemblance there is between the young lady you are attending and Lady Maud?"

Erie gave a slight start, and at once turned his eyes to Violet's face. She was gazing about her with an air of wonder. An expression of expectation was upon her face, but yet she seemed amused and interested in the scene in which she formed so prominent a part. On previous occasions she had been sad and thoughtful, had gazed straight before her without appearing to notice any object within her vision, and the change she now presented was one which could not fail to strike him. Yet it did not strike him with a tinge of the force which the suggestion of her resemblance to Lady Maud did.

It was not that he recognized the resemblance pointed out by Beatrice, but that he was startled by the vivid recurrence to his memory of the portrait of the Lady Maud which had hung in the bedchamber of Kingswood Hall and the statue in the old library.

As he gazed on Violet, they rose up before his eyes as plainly as if he actually beheld them, and a sudden, strange, cold thrill passed through his frame, which caused him involuntarily to shudder.

Another moment and he had recovered his equanimity, for Beatrice, looking on his changing features with surprise, ejaculated,

"You do not answer me, Mr. Gower. Have I helped you to a discovery which has taken your breath away?"

There was something distasteful to him in her observation, but assuming a calm and indifferent air, he replied,

"You have not deprived me of breath by your discovery, Miss Stanhope, because there ought not to be anything surprising in the resemblance, inasmuch as it is common to find individuals alike in feature but unconnected by any tie of relationhip."

Beatrice laughed, and said, a little mischievously,

"A true fact, indeed! I don't be cross with me, Mr. Gower, but even your fine Roman countenance is not without its counterpart—you much resemble the Honorable Cyril Kingswood, and papa insists you are wonderfully like Lord Kingswood."

"Your papa is practised in the art of discernment," suddenly observed Ishmael, in a low but distinct tone, addressing Beatrice.

She was for the moment startled, but with a courteous bend to him, because she instantly conceived that he could help her to her desired intimacy with Violet, she rejoined,

"Papa has been for years a diplomatist; it is a part of his study to scrutinize the features of those with whom he comes in contact. So keen indeed is his appreciation of resemblance, that when he first saw Mr. Gower, he was quite overcome, was he not?" she asked, turning to Erie.

Erie bowed, while Ishmael added, dryly,

"If you are speaking of Sir Harris Stanhope, I do not doubt it."

Erie turned red, and exclaimed, hastily,

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Beatrice Stanhope, daughter of Sir Harris Stanhope—Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Veron!"

Beatrice laughed as if she enjoyed his confusion.

"There is a pardon I will never grant, Mr. Gower," she cried.

"What is that?" inquired Ishmael, quickly, as he perceived that she was as much in earnest as in jest.

She slightly colored.

"I can have no hesitation in returning you an answer to that question," she said, readily: "I am greatly smitten with the charms of the young lady who rides in advance of you. I should be like to be honored by her acquaintance!"

Ishmael mused a moment, and then he said,

"She does not visit; but there can be no objection to her receiving visits from you. You will find her a child of nature, and but little acquainted with the world's ways."

"The more refreshing will her society prove to me. I yearn for such a companion," returned Beatrice.

Ishmael motioned her to increase her pace so as to come up with Violet, who had gained some little distance upon them, and when they were at her side he briefly explained the purpose with which he had overtaken her. Violet looked upon the face of Beatrice with some surprise, but more earnestness. Beatrice took up an appearance of frankness and warmth, held out her hand. Violet took it and pressed it, but she was still, it seemed, a little perturbed by the incident.

Ishmael introduced her to Beatrice by the name of Violet, and when Beatrice suggested that she had been put in possession of her Christian name only, Ishmael replied, with some emphasis,

"Her name is Violet. She knows no other."

At his instant Sir Harris Stanhope galloped past. He caught his daughter's eye; he rewarded her with an approving smile, and made a significant gesture, which she understood as instructing her to cultivate the acquaintance she was now making, and she at once proceeded to do so by engaging Violet in conversation, and by drawing her wondering attention to the various equipages passing and repassing, gradually commencing to work her conversation round to the Kingswoods, to learn whether she could extract any information from her respecting Lady Maud's knowledge and opinion of Eric Gower. She was to be far enabled to do this, as the Marquis of Chillingham, happening to catch

sight of Violet, and immediately subsequently Ishmael, rode up to the side of the latter, in order to gratify an intense curiosity and interest created in his breast by the former.

(To be continued.)

### HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHY is a lover like a dog?—Because he bows and he wags!

WHEN is Mr. Smith not Mr. Smith?—When he's missed a brown.

Few young girls are so inconsolable that their hearts can't be kept afloat by a boat.

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

A SINGLE letter sometimes makes a great difference in the meaning of a word. In the word "correspondent" the omission of an "r" makes all the difference, as some find it to their cost in the Law Courts.

WHEN Sir Thomas Parkes was pleading against Dr. Sacheverell, the doctor said to him,

"I shall pray God to forgive you."

"And while your hand is in," said Sir Thomas, "remember yourself, good doctor."

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## ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

## SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass,"  
etc., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"Yes, he has left him—every busy thought,  
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,  
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,  
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;  
And I have given that which spoke and moved,  
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,  
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay.  
Soon the foul food for reptiles."—*Old Play.*

Lord Kingswood passed a terrible night alone in his study. The communication made to him by Pharisee overwhelmed more than it bewildered him. He believed it, even though he tried to consider it and the loose statement of an intoxicated man, who, in the aberrations of drunkenness, confused the details of the story confided to him.

It was humiliating to him to reflect that, although he only too well knew that the woman he had loved—and yet loving, betrayed—had borne him a child, he had never made a single inquiry respecting its sex.

The circumstances connected with the whole transaction were so base, that in the spring of his married life with Lady Kingswood he was only too glad to let them sink into an obscurity so deep that he hoped they could never again be dragged forth to human gaze.

He had, it is true, his compunctions visitings. Conscience will make its voice heard, even in the breasts of the hardened; but alas! his passionate fits of remorse—induced in what quite alone—were less for the sufferings he had made his victim endure than they were for the hazardous position in which his villainy had placed him. This systematic closing of his mind and memory against every incident connected with his cruel guilt deprived him of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many minor facts which now would have been of importance to him to be in possession of, and he was, consequently, when the events were reproduced, attended with terrible forewarnings of evil to him, tossed upon a sea of doubt and incertitude, which prevented him actually discrediting any tale thrust upon him.

He was, however, tempted to believe the story told him by Pharisee, for the reason that the latter had received it from some old man living in an obscure neighborhood, and who evidently, when Pharisee met him, was engaged in tracking out Horace Vernon, possibly with the view of making money of the information he possessed. He had mentioned facts which one alone who was in possession of the principal events could have disclosed. His object was clearly not to deceive, but either to gratify the feelings of revenge, originating in some wrong inflicted upon him by Vernon, or the greed of gain.

In any case, he could have no motive, such as Vernon had, to trick or cheat the person most deeply interested in his revelations; and the probabilities, therefore were, that he had spoken the truth—that, indeed, the fair, spirit-like creature he had seen with Vernon in the park and in the *salon* of the Marquis of Chillingham was his daughter. In one particular this possibility created within his breast a sense of relief. If it were so, his son, Cyril, the son of Lady Kingswood, would still be the heir of his house.

Then, to disturb this impression, the marvellous resemblance which the face of Cyril bore to his own and to his ancestors presented itself to him. Was that a coincidence? It might be. A strange one, doubtless, but still not impossible. If this girl, now put forward as his child, were not his daughter, her resemblance to the mystic Lady Maud, the ancestor whose doom was interwoven with the destiny of his race, was even a yet more remarkable coincidence.

Weighing one probability against another, his presumption was in favor of the truth of Pharisee's communication.

But what a terrible fact it brought with it!

His son, Cyril, was in love with the maiden, had met her frequently in the Chace, and always alone. He turned cold and faint as he remembered the hunting-lodge. What might have happened at those meetings he shuddered to imagine.

The girl was young and innocent, and his son, he believed, of an honorable nature; but alas! the girl's innocence might be her very weakness, and his son's error the result of passion, uninfluenced by dishonorable intentions.

He grew frenzied and distracted by the phantoms his disordered mind conjured up; he judged human nature by the standard of his own fallibility, and was appalled at the conclusion he drew.

Irreolute and vacillatory by nature, especially when in the throes of a sharp difficulty, he yet formed two resolves, neither of which, he felt but too bitterly, could be for a moment delayed. The first was to have an interview with his son, Cyril, the second to summon to his presence the man who had disclosed to Pharisee the remarkable secret he had that night revealed.

The hours passed long and tormentingly until the day dawned, and then removing, so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thoughts, he sent a messenger to inquire after his son's health, and a request that he would attend him in his study as early as possible.

The servant found Cyril dressed in walking attire, and on the eve of departing from the house. The man delivered his message, dwelling, as instructed, upon the desire Lord Kingswood had to have an interview with him if he had strength to undergo one.

Cyril made no reply, but proceeded immediately to the library, and entering it, perceived his father pacing it with an excited gait.

Lord Kingswood, the instant his eye lighted upon his son, ceased his disturbed walk, and advancing to him, took him by the hand and gazed into his face.

Cyril was wan rather than pale, the agonies of a doctrinaire mental conflict had left saddle-traces upon his features, but the expression they bore now was one of sudden despair mingled with an ugly-looking spirit of determination.

"Cyril, you look pale, agitated, ill," observed Lord Kingswood, "and unhappily the events of last night leave me in no doubt as to the cause. As your future happiness seems to be involved in the proper adjustment of what, after all, can be and must be considered as a vexing and painful episode in your youthful life, I have sent for you to talk with you, to reason with you, to show you that the past must be forgotten."

"Never, my lord," interposed Cyril, almost fiercely.

"Must be!" cried Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice until his tone became vehement. "Listen to me: do not interpose a remark upon any observation of mine until I request you; you will then understand its object and its proper bearing upon the subject we are about to discuss. I am about to deal plainly with you, I hope that you will be frank with me."

Lord Kingswood paused for a minute. Twice or thrice he essayed the commencement of a sentence, but he found himself unable to articulate, and he was compelled abruptly to press his hands over his eyes and pace hurriedly up and down the chamber.

Suddenly he halted, and, by an impatient movement, withdrew his hands from before his face.

"It is folly," he exclaimed, with set teeth, "to betray this weakness. It will ruin all. It is necessary that we should both be calm and firm if we would not see the house of Kingswood totter down upon our heads and crush us beneath its ruins. Cyril, you have, in weak submission to the rash impulses of your youth, done your heart the fret of a young girl, to you unknown and obscure, because her face happens to be fair. In the delirium and intoxication of your senses you have elevated a boy's inconsiderate passion into the higher, more ennobling, purer and enduring emotion of love."

Cyril waved his hand with a furious movement, and with a stern frown, cried,

"No, my lord. Do not deceive yourself by the canting whisperings of experience falsely so called. Experience should tell you that there is no emotion so pure, so free from dishonorable taint, so unselfish, so holy as first love. Experience has taught me this—it has pointed out to me the wide interval between passion and love, and I have recognised it. I have tested my heart, my lord. I have strained it until my heartstrings have almost cracked. I am not deceived—I love her!"

"Mad, impetuous, hasty fool!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, impetuously. "You know not what you say, even as you do not yet know the characteristics of your nature, the strength of your emotions, or the real waywardness of your fancies. You talk of your experience and what it has taught you; bah! Your lesson is yet to come—it has yet to be learned; you may talk of experience and its suggestions, when, like myself, you have verified the fallacy of youthful aspirations, when you have proved that the love you now invest with such heavenly attributes is but ashes in the mouth and bitterness to the spirit. Love, boy! you do not yet dream that it is but another name for carking misery—that he passes through life the happiest man who is never smitten by it; that it is all the golden qualities of a generous nature beamed into a mass and flung into an unfathomable pool, to return to the surface only in hideous shapes; that it is the gift of a soul, to be returned by treachery, perjury, falsehood, the bl. best, deepest, basest ingratitude."

Cyril looked at him earnestly and 'n wonder.

To whom did he especially allude in this wholesale condemnation of woman?

He knit his brows, and said, with a strange tone of voice,

"My lord, do you give to me these assertions as the result of your love for my mother?"

Lord Kingswood started. Lady Kingswood certainly was uppermost in his thoughts when he thus denounced the tender passion, but he had no desire to make such a confession, certainly not to her son.

He waved his hand.

"In such remarks it is not my intention to specify any individual," he said hastily; "I speak in general terms of the folly, and, in short, the madness of giving way to the fascination created by a too warm appreciation of female charms. I counsel you only against being misled by promptings which are nothing more than the instinctive impulses of youth—impulses that require to be watched with care, and controlled and guided in a proper direction. Were we all to heedlessly and recklessly give way to the rash incitements of our first impressions, we should but store up for ourselves abundant sources of future misery. Society forms better arrangements, and wisely admits other considerations into the formation of an union between two young persons of opposite sexes than those of hating. Love is not the only requisite to conquer the happiness of married life, there are others which will compensate for the want of love, but without which love itself can find no happiness. In your coming union with Miss Eleanor Cotton—"

"My lord, speak to me no more about that marriage, it can never take place," interposed Cyril, with firmness.

"It must—it shall!" responded Lord Kingswood, with vehemence. "I have said it—I say it again. I have passed my word to Mr. Cotton that his proposition—his princely proposition—should be entertained. My word, Cyril, stand you know that I never submit it to be questioned—at any and every sacrifice, if once passed, I keep. You have already paid the young lady attention; she appears to be much attached to you; society has already recognised the engagement between you. To throw her off now would be unjustly cruel; it might break her heart, and thus fasten upon you a crime you would never cease to repent to the last moment of your existence."

Cyril turned sharply to him.

"My lord, if I understood you rightly," he said, with bitterness in his tone, "you characterized woman's nature as a bottomless pool, which returned the love thrown into it transformed into figures of treachery, perjury and falsehood. If any love I might proffer Miss Eleanor Cotton were to be so repaid, a lack of attention to her on my part would hardly become the crime you suggest."

"Cyril," returned Lord Kingswood, with abrupt sternness, "it is not my intention to discuss this question in a spirit of subtle casuistry with you. You are committed to Miss Eleanor, and you must marry her."

"I cannot, my lord," returned Cyril, firmly.

"There are duties pertaining to your position which you must fulfil!" urged Lord Kingswood. "You have been born to rank, to a name, to an elevated position in this kingdom, in the Government of which I now hold a high and important post. There are sacrifices of the heart, of the affections, of the passions, of the dearest inclinations and the tenderest sympathies, which are exacted sternly and unrelentingly by the position which you hold no less than myself. As a Minister of the Crown, the shadow of doubt must never fall upon my pledged word. As a Kingswood, my plighted faith must be held yet more sacred than life itself."

A low, hysterical laugh burst from Cyril's lips, which stoned his father's heart with sudden pain as it fell upon his ears.

"I am a Kingswood," he said, with bitter emphasis. "My faith has been plighted with solemn assertions. Am I not, equally with you, to hold it more sacred than fame, rank, life itself?"

Lord Kingswood clenched his hands, and his heart sank within him. For what had Cyril pledged his faith? Not a mere interchange of love sentiment. Surely he had not engaged in a secret marriage. His heart seemed to suddenly cease to beat, his face and lips blanched, and the room reeled round with him. He staggered back a step or two, but by an almost superhuman effort, controlled the paralysing character of his emotion.

"You are a minor," he gasped. "You can enter into no contract, no pledge, no promise, without my assent. Wanting that, it is null and void, worthless. You cannot bind yourself to an alliance opposed to the traditions of your house. Boy, if you are born to the advantages of rank and fortune, they demand of you that you shall properly and nobly sustain the rights and duties they impose upon you."

"Have the heirs to the name always done this?" asked Cyril, bitterly.

"How dare you question their—my honor," exclaimed his father, wrathfully, the more angrily, perhaps, because he felt most acutely that every argument he hurled at his son was a lash for himself.

"I simply ask, have they done this?" persisted Cyril.

"I can have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative," returned his father, feeling, though he spoke emphatically, that he was resorting to a mean evasion.

"My honor, my lord, is surely then as dear to me as to them," replied Cyril. "You cannot afford it immunity. That which would be dishonorable in my actions two years hence, must be equally dishonorable now. My integrity cannot be affected by dates; my honesty and truth cannot be intrinsically valuable at some future period and be worth nothing now. If I, being a minor, can break my plighted sacred word solemnly entrusted to one who is as dear and as necessary to my happiness as the vital principle of my life is to my heart, what is to prevent my breaking a faith not pledged or plighted by me with another? If I am bound by your plighted word to Eleanor Cotton, I am no less bound by my own registered vow to another."

"No; not as my son, as my heir, as the representative of the House of Kingswood. You have no power in your nuptials to dispose of your hand unless with my sanction," cried his father, with frantic vehemence.

"Then," exclaimed Cyril, with passionate burst, "farewell name, rank, position, house, all but her. She will love me, cling to me, for what I am when I am with her, not for what I have been or might become. In honor, in truth, in purity, I have loved her. Equally, in innocence and unselfishness, has she placed her heart, her happiness in my trust. Rather than betray it I will do battle with the world, as other self-reliant men have done. With her in my arms—with her loving affection twining round my heart to sustain and cheer me, I can defy the frown of fate as sturdily as I can meet. Her smile shed upon her as upon me with joy and felicity."

"Hold!" almost shrieked his father. "Will nothing destroy this infatuation?"

"Nothing," responded Cyril, coldly and firmly.

"It is false," he cried, wildly. "I will—I must annihilate it. Terrible, frightful as the task you have imposed upon me, I must go through with it."

"It is vain, my lord," interposed Cyril. "I pray you let me depart in peace. We shall never agree on this distressing subject. You cannot change me."

"But I will," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with fierce energy. "Listen to me, and tremble."

For a moment he buried his hands in his hair, and bowed his head low down. His whole frame became fearfully convulsed, but he struggled with the spasms, and once more turned his uncovered face to his son to speak with him.

Cyril started when he perceived his father's distorted, livid features, and his glaring eyes. He felt then that some tremendous revelation awaited him, and as his father had bidden him, he trembled.

Lord Kingswood slowly extended towards him his white and quivering hand.

"Cyril," he exclaimed, in hollow, solemn tones, "the Kingswoods are a doomed race—doomed until one of its descendants, by his own superhuman endurance, his unfaltering spirit, his unwavering faith, his unimpeachable honor, his overpowering energy, shall remove the ban resting upon it. I cannot now enter into the whole of the tradition or any part of it but what relates to myself and to you. I am heart-sore and heart-sick. I would willingly be the humblest soldier, keeping dreary watch in the pathless wastes of the barren regions of Siberia, than that empty mockery the Lord Baron of Kingswood. But I am he, and I must fulfil my destiny as thou thinse."

He paused for a moment, and then drew a long breath.

"But recently," he continued, "we stood together beneath the walls of the old hunting-tower yet standing in Kingswood Chace; I pointed out to you a window, at which, at certain times, there appeared to a Kingswood a female face of more than mortal beauty. Such have my ancestors seen—such a face I beheld. It was now more than twenty years past, that, alone, my gun upon my arm, I sauntered, somewhat faint and tired with my sport, within the precincts of that tower. I knew it to be inhabited by an old crone, and possibly the inducement of a draught of cool water drew me thither. I paused beneath the walls suddenly, for my eye was arrested by the face of one young, and so enchantingly beautiful that creature of earth she seemed not to be. She regarded me with as much wonder as I did her, and the expression of her face told me that I had made upon her a scarcely less favorable impression than she had upon me; but even while a pleased smile was yet upon her lips, she started and vanished.

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A smile chased from Erle's expressive features the angry gloom which had clouded them as his eyes fell upon Beatrice Stanhope, and he quickly stretched out his hand, caught hers within it and pressed it.

Erle had a grateful disposition. Beatrice had received him with unaffected kindness, and had treated him with courtesy and attention when he was houseless and, as he believed, friendless; his feelings towards her were, therefore, of a very friendly nature. He was not affected by her personal appearance, but he was by those qualifications which he esteemed to be an ornament to any woman.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, in his rich, pleasant voice.

"It is permitted us to doubt," she replied "naively." "If I had not been reared with a rude and boisterous brother, and therefore half boy myself, I should have missed the present opportunity of opening the vials of my wrath and pouring them upon your head. I have had really to battle my way through a whole squadron of cavalry forming your escort to grasp the chance of saying a word to you."

"I regret you should have had so much difficulty to encounter with the prospect of so poor a reward," he returned.

She raised the handle of her whip and struck it at him, smiling as she did so.

"Why give me the difficulty? I caught your eye as you passed me," she answered.

"Indeed, I did not see you, or I would have reined in my horse and spoken to you instantly," he replied.

"Well, I am expected, of course, to believe you. I will, however, execute my mission, and then relieve you of my tedious company as soon as possible," she returned.

"You wrong yourself and me by that observation," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Oh, fie!" she ejaculated, hastily. "Do I not see how fairly you are companioned side by side with one so extremely beautiful? The society of any other individual, especially one of my own sex, can hardly fail to be to you an encroachment, an intrusion and a bore."

"Again you wrong you'rself," he answered, a smile playing on his face.

"You are either, sir, a shameless man-fist—or—or that lady is—your sister."

She indicated Violet with the golden knob of her riding-whip rather than pointed at her.

A slight shade of surprise passed over Erle's features at this remark. It was a style of badinage which Beatrice had not indulged in, at least with him, before.

"That lady is not my sister," he replied, a little seriously.

"Not even a cousin?" she asked, with well-assumed archness.

"Not even a cousin," he responded, thoughtfully, for it flashed through his mind, that, in the uncertainty of his origin, it was a question he could not honestly answer with decision.

Beatrice heard him with an expression of seriousness upon her countenance. She wished this marvellous beauty had been his sister. She would have even been in a degree comforted if she had stood to him in that much-abused and mistrusted degree of relationship—a cousin; but to be connected to him by no tie of affinity was to be allied to him by a bond of love. A spasm went through her frame at the thought. She, like, alas! too many of her sex, the moment her jealousy was excited, could think and talk of nothing but the object of her mistrust, and that, too, in the shape of a severe cross-examination.

"I have seen the face before," she exclaimed, in her eagerness to learn something about Violet, forgetting what was due to her own dignity. "Pray, can you enlighten me where, Mr. Gower?"

He looked at her for a moment steadfastly.

"I cannot," he answered.

"Or will not," she rejoined, gazing back at him fixedly, apparently endeavoring to read in his features the truth as she had shaped it.

He elevated his eyebrows with an expression of astonishment, but he only replied by a slight shake of the head.

"You know Lord Kingswood, I think?" she observed, eying him attentively, while she conducted her cross-examination with a woman's consummate skill.

Now his eye gleamed and his brow fell. He bowed stiffly affirmatively.

She observed his peculiarity of manner, but refused to heed it, because her question was the stepping-stone to one the elucidation of which she had set her brother Carlton to obtain.

She bent her face slightly round towards his, and rested her eyes upon his face, as she did,

"You then know, of course, Lady Maud St. Clair?"

She uttered the words rapidly, and enunciated them emphatically.

A flush of crimson mounted to his brow, and he bowed lower than before an instant to hide the scarlet hue spread over his face. Beatrice, with an emotion of vexation, perceived it, and tossed up her head, giving way to a slight ebullition of anger, because he, whom she thought so proud and dignified in his bearing, should blush at the mention of a lifeless doll of a girl, though she was titled and well-descended.

But she had not done yet; she had a purpose to accomplish, and she contrived to hide the disturbed emotion the confession she thus extorted from him had occasioned.

That is to say, many a maiden fair who possesses an interest in some well-looking young gentleman invariably converts an acknowledgment from the said youth that he has the pleasure of being acquainted with a pretty girl, known to the said maiden, into a confession that he has been paying court to the pretty girl, or at least flirting with her. Beatrice was of the same complexion as many a maiden fair, and therefore she was morally convinced that any interviews which might have taken place between Erle and Lady Maud could not have passed over with indifference by either or both. She satisfied herself, therefore, that there was much on this head which it would be needful to make herself mistress of.

She decided at once to make, if possible, a acquaintance of Violet, and with this purpose at, lowering her voice to almost a whisper, said,

"You have no doubt observed the singular resemblance there is between the young lady you are attending and Lady Maud?"

Erle gave a slight start, and at once turned his eyes to Violet's face. She was gazing about her with an air of wonder. An expression of expectation was upon her face, but yet she seemed amused and interested in the scene in which she formed so prominent a part. On previous occasions she had been sad and thoughtful, had gazed straight before her without appearing to notice any object within her vision, and the change she now presented was one which could not fail to strike him. Yet it did not strike him with a tithe of the force which the suggestion of her resemblance to Lady Maud did.

It was not that he recognized the resemblance pointed out by Beatrice, but that he was startled by the vivid recurrence to his memory of the portrait of the Lady Maud which had hung in the bedchamber of Kingswood Hall and the statue in the old library.

As he gazed on Violet, they rose up before his eyes as plainly as if he actually beheld them, and a sudden, strange, cold thrill passed through his frame, which caused him involuntarily to shudder.

Another moment and he had recovered his equanimity, for Beatrice, looking on his changing features with surprise, ejaculated,

"You do not answer me, Mr. Gower. Have I helped you to a discovery which has taken your breath away?"

There was something distasteful to him in her observation, but assuming a calm and indifferent air, he replied,

"You have not deprived me of breath by your discovery, Miss Stanhope, because there ought not to be anything surprising in the resemblance, inasmuch as it is common to find individuals alike in feature but unconnected by any tie of relationhip."

Beatrice laughed, and said, a little mischievously,

"A trite fact, indeed! Don't be cross with me, Mr. Gower, but even your fine Roman countenance is not without its counterpart—you much resemble the Honorable Cyril Kingswood, and papa insists you are wonderfully like Lord Kingswood."

"Your papa is practiced in the art of discernment," suddenly observed Ishmael, in a low but distinct tone, addressing Beatrice.

She was for the moment startled, but with a courteous bend to him, because she instantly conceived that he could help her to her desired intimacy with Violet, she rejoined,

"Papa has been for years a diplomatist; it is a part of his study to scrutinize the features of those with whom he comes in contact. So keen indeed is his appreciation of resemblance, that when he first saw Mr. Gower, he was quite overcome, was he not?" she added, turning to Erle.

Erle bowed, while Ishmael added, drily,

"If you are speaking of Sir Harris Stanhope, I do not doubt it."

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Beatrice Stanhope, daughter of Sir Harris Stanhope—Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Veron!"

Beatrice laughed as if she enjoyed his confusion.

"There is a pardon I will never grant, Mr. Gower," she cried.

"What is that?" inquired Ishmael, quickly, as he perceived that she was as much in earnest as in jest.

She slightly colored.

"I can have no hesitation in returning you an answer to that question," she said, readily; "I am greatly smitten with the charms of the young lady who rides in advance of you. I should so like to be honored by her acquaintance!"

Ishmael mused a moment, and then he said,

"She does not visit; but there can be no objection to her receiving visits from you. You will find her a child of nature, and but little acquainted with the world's ways."

"The more refreshing will her society prove to me. I yearn for such a companion," returned Beatrice.

Ishmael motioned her to increase her pace so as to come up with Violet, who had gained some little distance upon them, and when they were at her side he briefly explained the purpose with which he had overtaken her. Violet looked upon the face of Beatrice with some surprise, but more earnestness. Beatrice, with an appearance of frankness and warmth, held out her hand. Violet took it and pressed it, but she was still, it seemed, a little perplexed by the incident.

Ishmael introduced her to Beatrice by the name of Violet, and when Beatrice suggested that she had been put in possession of her Christian name only, Ishmael replied, with some emphasis,

"Her name is Violet. She knows no other."

At the instant Sir Harris Stanhope galloped past. He caught his daughter's eye, he rewarded her with an approving smile, and made a significant gesture, which she understood as instructing her to cultivate the acquaintance she was now making, and she at once proceeded to do so by engaging Violet in conversation, and by drawing her wondering attention to the various equipages passing and repassing, gradually commencing to work her conversation round to the Kingswoods, to learn whether she could extract any information from her respecting Lady Maud's knowledge and opinion of Erle Gower. She was to be far enabled to do this, as the Marquis of Chillingham, happening to catch

sight of Violet, and immediately subsequently Ishmael, rode up to the side of the latter, in order to gratify an intense curiosity and interest created in his breast by the former.

(To be continued.)

### HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHY is a lover like a dog?—Because he bows and he wows!

WHEN Mr. Smith not Mr. Smith?—When he's missed a brown.

FEW young girls are so inconsolable that their hearts can't be kept afloat by a boat.

IT is said that the Tartars invite men to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

A SINGLE letter sometimes makes a great difference in the meaning of a word. In the word "correspondent" the omission of an "r" makes all the difference, as some find it to their cost in the Law Courts.

WHEN Sir Thomas Parkes was pleading against Dr. Sacheverell, the doctor said to him,

"I shall pray God to forgive you."

"And while your hand is in," said Sir Thomas, "remember yourself, good doctor."

A FRESH young lawyer once boasted to a member of the bar, that he had received two hundred pounds for speaking in a lawsuit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that case."

An apprentice lad who had been misbehaving, one day came in for chastisement, during which his master exclaimed,

"How long will you serve the devil?"

The boy replied, "You know best, sir; I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

A COUNTRY couple, newly married, stopped at a hotel at Brighton a few days ago, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied, "We wants that kind of wine where the corks pop out, and the liquor boils up like soapuds."

A RAGGED little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trousers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scamp took the garments and examined each, then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no waist-pocket."

A REVEREND sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare.

"If," said a Quaker, who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December."

"Why, where would you go?"

"Into thy study."

A YOUNG officer hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who, in two assaults upon a town had killed six men with his own hand. "Hah!" said he, "I would have you know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are studded with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world."

GEORGE I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins.

"How is this?" said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place."

"Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce."

The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

THERE was a story which Sydney Smith seldom failed to repeat when one of his most agreeable neighbors, whose christian name was Ambrose, was announced. "Do you know how they pronounce Ambrose in Yorkshire? They turn it into Amorous. Once, at Fosten, I was told that Amorous Phillips was waiting to speak to me in the hall. 'Let him wait,' said I, deceived by this manner of pronunciation, which I heard for the first time, 'but take care and don't let any of the servant girls go near him.'

SOME years ago a gentleman went into a certain druggist's shop, and when he had selected what he wanted he told the boy in waiting to put the article down to Sir Charles Napier. The boy, who, being a new-comer, knew not Sir Charles, started at the uncouth dress of his customer, and smartly asked,

"How am I to know you are Sir Charles Napier?"

Sir Charles coolly thrust his hand into his trousers, pulled out that part of his shirt marked with his name, and laughingly said to the boy,

"There, my lad, will that satisfy you?"

PATRICK O'FLANNAGAN, being in an uncertain state, and not quite able to distinguish at a late hour of the night his own house from his neighbor's in a row of similar ones, decided on making a bold push and trust to luck. Ascending the steps he rang the bell, which was answered by the lady living next to him, and who knew him well.

"Can you tell me where P-P-Patrick O'Flannagan lives?" said he.

"Why you are Patrick O'Flannagan," said the lady.

"B-B-botheration! I didn't ask you who Patrick O'Flannagan is; I want to know where the old chap lives."

"JULIUS, is you better dis morning?"

"No, I was better yesterday, but is got ober dat."

"Am dero no hopes ob your discovery?"

"Discovery of what?"

"Your discovery de du convalescences what am fetchin you on your back."

"Dat depends, sibb, altogethers on the prognostication which implies do命运; should they continue fatally, de doctor thinks lea gone. Should dey not continue fatally, he hopes dic culled individual won't die dis time but, as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics; and till dose come to a head, cere am no telling wedder this pusion will come to a discontinuation or oider wise."

WANTED TO KNOW.—Whether the volume of sound had yet been bound.

AT a recent examination in the primary department of a school, the listeners were "brought down" by the answer of a juvenile, when asked of what use whalers were. One little miss replied that they were "good for hooked skirts!"

A MILITARY man met a discharged soldier of his regiment, and asked him how he was getting on.

"Oh," said the man, "I am a relieving officer."

"Well, is that a good place?" inquired the military gentleman.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "a liberal salary, and very little to do."

A COUNTRY editor, noticing the decease of a wealthy gentleman, observes:

"He has died, regrettably by a number of circles of friends, and leaving a widow with no consolations as any widow who has obtained the uncontrollable possession of five thousand per annum. More than twenty young men have sent letters of condolence to her."

A MAN was declaiming on board a steamboat in defense of slavery, and was asked by a philanthropist what he would do if slavery did sell the husband to Maryland and the wife to Louisiana. "Why, then," said he, "I think best of it. I wish to my heart they'd sell my wife five hundred miles off; I'd be a pro-slavery man for ever!"

A TRAVELLER in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairie, near Cairo, and there waited. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing-box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception-room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and

**KARL SCHURZ, OF WISCONSIN.**

This celebrated German-American-Republican speaker, a portrait of whom we now lay before our readers, was born at Bonn on the Rhine, in 1823. While studying at the university of his native town he became intimate with Gottfried Kinkel, collaborating with him in many democratic journals. In 1849 he went armed into the Baden rebellion, but suffered defeat with his fellows. He would have been, after the taking of the fort of Rastadt, given up to death as one specially exempt from pardon, and as a deserter, had he not escaped to Switzerland, where he lived in great obscurity during the winter of 1849-'50.

Owing to this reserve he was enabled to quietly leave and carry out his great design—the liberation of Gottfried Kinkel, condemned to life imprisonment in Spandau. For many months Schurz—himself under condemnation of death and in various disguises—persevered until he had effected his aim, and brought Kinkel over Mecklenburg and Schwerin to London. Here he married a highly cultivated, amiable and wealthy girl, and emigrated in 1852 to America. Here he settled first in Watertown, Wisconsin, then in Milwaukee, and gave himself up with zeal to politics, so that he ere long obtained the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. During the excitement in Massachusetts, affecting so nearly the privileges of emigrants, he went to Boston, where he spoke in Faneuil Hall, and in English.

During the past Presidential campaign Schurz was busily employed in favor of Lincoln, speaking in most of the Eastern States, and especially in Cooper Hall, New York, on September 8th. His probable appointment to a Foreign Mission has been made, as the reader is aware, the subject of violent debate in the Republican party.

**TERrible FIRE IN FORTIETH STREET,**  
**Near Broadway—A Whole Family Burned to Death.**

We are heartily sick of chronicling the murders which are occasioned by the wicked indifference of the owners of tenement-houses, and the suicidal carelessness of the tenants. We shall, however, have more to say on this point when Mr. Mackenzie's fire-escape comes before the public. It is seldom that we have to record a more shocking calamity than that which befell an entire family just at the break of day on Thursday, the 7th of March, when a mother and father, and five helpless children were all burnt to death in the midst of a populous neighborhood. The circumstances are briefly these. Shortly after six o'clock, a two story and attic house, No. 102 West Fortieth street, near Broadway, was discovered to be on fire. When first noticed the flames were seen issuing from the back basement and ascending the stairs. Mr. Oakley, who occupied the second floor, and was the lessee of the house, was the first to detect the smoke, and although an alarm was immediately given, it was too late for Mr. Wood and his family to escape. The rest of the occupants managed to make their way through the fire and smoke, although some of them were badly burned in the attempt.

Mr. Wood and family had occupied, only for that night, the top attic, and as there was no ladder to the scuttle, the only chance of egress was thus cut off, and the flames rendered every effort to get at them ineffectual. Their servant, who had got up about half an hour previous, managed to make her way through the flames, but she was considerably burnt.

When the fire was extinguished a heartrending spectacle presented itself, for within the back attic were the blackened and charred remains of the unhappy family—all thus snatched in a few minutes from life to death. Their names are: Henry Wood, native of England, aged thirty years; Julia Wood, native of England, aged twenty-five years; William Wood, aged about seven years; Henry Wood, aged about five years; Julia Wood, aged about three years; Isabella and Jenna, twins four months old.

Mr. Wood was an upholsterer, and had only moved into the house on the first of this month. One-half of the basement he occupied for his shop, and had furniture there. The adjoining half of the basement was occupied by Henry Swarts as a barber's shop. The first floor was occupied as a cigar store by Mrs. Catharine Hovey, and the adjoining part of that floor was occupied by Peter Curran for residence. Two men, named Clark and Garvin, occupied one of the front attic bedrooms. They attempted to escape down-stairs, but the smoke and fire drove them back at the time. Mr. Clark says he heard Mrs. Wood screaming to save her children. He says he was unable to render her any help, and had but just time to save himself by getting out at the garret window. The two upper stories and roof are destroyed.

The *World*, in an editorial of the 18th March, gives a different account from that commonly received, and reflects upon the reporters for their incorrect version. It says: "An eye-witness of

this shocking occurrence, on whose authority we make the present statement, tells us that Henry Wood and his wife, during the early stages of the fire, gained the street unscathed, but entered again into the burning building to save their children. Several firemen, members respectively of No. 1 and No. 18, rushed in with them. Before the former reached the staircase leading to the rooms above the old feud broke out. A wordy squabble ensued, terminating in what is denominated, in the technical language adopted by these bodies, 'a plug-muss.' As the fight assumed interesting proportions the combatants were re-

all events, the firemen here charged owe it to their fair fame to have an inquiry.

**JOHN JANNEY, ESQ., OF LOUDON,**  
**President of the Virginia State Convention.**

We give this week the portrait of the distinguished Southern gentleman, John Janney, Esq., of Loudon, who was chosen as

**KARL SCHURZ, OF WISCONSIN, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN REPUBLICAN ORATOR.**

inforced. Soon the hall-way of the doomed house was choked up with a cursing, brutal band. Heads were split open with hydrant-wrenches, faces were battered into jelly by heavy fire hats and knobby knuckles. Meanwhile, the flames had besieged the staircase, and the workman's family above were appealing to their fellows for the succor that came not. What need to tell the sequel? The conscientious reporter has written how, half an hour later, seven charred bodies were found stretched on the floor of that fire-dismantled attic, and we read it, all of us, with a shudder."

We cannot help thinking there is some mistake in this; but at

President of the Virginia State Convention now sitting at Richmond, Va. The wise and moderate counsels of Virginia may be inferred from the results of her election of delegates to the State Convention, and still more positively in the election of Mr. Janney as President of the Convention. He is virtually a Union man, and on the occasion of his election to the honorable position he now occupies, on the first day of the Session at the Capitol in Richmond, Va., he made a speech decidedly Union in its sentiments, but stating emphatically that the Union could not be sustained at the loss of a single right belonging to Virginia.

**THE HON. IRA HARRIS,  
U. S. Senator for the State  
of New York.**

JUDGE HARRIS, the new Senator for New York, is in his 60th year. He was born in Cortland county. He graduated from Union College in 1824, admitted to practice in 1827, and continued in the successful exercise of his profession at a bar which was famous for the number of its able practitioners, until 1843, without holding any office. He was in that year elected to the State Assembly, re-elected in 1844, and elected to the State Senate in 1845. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention which was assembled in 1840, where his sound judgment and wide legal knowledge left their impress upon the proceedings of that body. One of its acts was the creation of the present Supreme Court, of which Mr. Harris was elected one of the first justices, holding the office for four years. In 1851 he was re-elected to the same bench, and held it for eight years. In 1859, a candidate for the same place, he was defeated by Rufus W. Peckham. Since that time, excepting several months' absence abroad, he has resumed the practice of his profession.

Upon the resignation of Mr. Seward, caused by his acceptance of a position in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, the judge was unanimously chosen to succeed that eminent man, a compliment which he well deserves.

**INAUGURATION BALL AT  
WASHINGTON,**

On the 4th of March.

We gave in our last number an illustration of the official part of the Inaugural ceremonies, and agreeably conclude our pictorial task by presenting to our readers a most beautiful and graphic sketch of the most interesting portion of the programme, so far as the fair sex are concerned. To judge by the youth, beauty, brilliancy, fashion and hilarity everywhere predominant, no one would have imagined that a cloud was in our national heaven. As the poet says:

"All went merrily as a marriage bell."

The hall had been erected expressly for the occasion, and was in close contiguity to the City Hall, whose Committee Rooms and Council Chambers were made to do duty as dressing-rooms and for other useful purposes. It was shaped like a parallelogram, and decorated with red and white muslin, while around the walls were numerous shields ornamented with our national arms.

The dancing commenced at about eleven o'clock, at which time, although the Presidential guests had not arrived, it was found no longer possible to keep down the youthful vivacity. The scene at this hour was a most animating one. After a short dance it was rumored that the illustrious couple in whose honor the ball was given had arrived, and the dancing and music ceased. At this moment President Lincoln entered, leaning upon the arms of Mayor Barrett and Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island. Immediately behind them, to the intense astonishment of all, came Mrs. Lincoln, leaning upon the arm of Senator Douglas, more popularly known as the Little Giant. The gratification was great, for it seemed to predicate that the two ancient enemies had buried the hatchet. With her came Miss Edwards, her niece, a lovely creature. Her dress was in most exquisite taste. As the illustrious party entered the room, the band struck up "Hail Columbia" with great effect. As all balls are more or less alike, we merely give the names of a few of the most distinguished guests.

Conspicuous among the *diplomats* and other guests were seen the French Minister; Baron Stoeckel, the Russian Minister; Senator Figaniere, Colonel Webb, and Messrs. Seward, Cameron and Wilson. President Lincoln seemed, it was thought, weary and worn. Conspicuous here and there was Mr. Hamlin. The brilliant appearance of the ball, the copious lights, the gay dresses and the scores of beautiful women were quite sufficient to occupy attention until the supper hour, after which, of course, the dancing became more lively, and bright eyes and bright jewels flashed merrily enough.

**COSTUMES OF THE LADIES.**

Among the ladies present whose "style" personal attractions and costume attracted general attention, Mrs. Lincoln deserves special mention. She wore a rich watered silk, an elegant point lace cape, deeply bordered, with camellias in her hair, and pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Lincoln's sister, Mrs. Kellogg, of Cincinnati, wore a well-made pearl brocade silk, with diamonds. Mrs. Colonel Yates, of Illinois, appeared in white silk and cherry-colored double skirt.

Miss Mary Babcock, the young and interesting daughter of the editor of the New Haven *Palladium*, was dressed in a white corded silk, Grecian corsage, with flowers running across from the shoulder to the waist. Her luxuriant hair was tastefully entwined with a few delicate flowers; her faultlessly moulded arms and bust were without ornaments. This young lady's vivacity, artlessness, and fine flow of spirits won for her hosts of friends and admirers.

Miss Rose Cowan, daughter of Judge Cowan, of New York, was tastefully and elegantly attired in a dress of white silk, with half-mourning trimmings, which set off to advantage her fair face and form. "The loveliest girl in all Washington!" murmured a grave Senator, as he passed her, and his words found an echo in countless other manly breasts, Cuban as well as American.

Hon. Mrs. A. H. Rice, wife of the distinguished Representative from Boston, Mass., wore a crimson silk dress, with point lace trimmings and shawl, head-dress of white feathers and diamond ornaments. This estimable lady's genial smile, genuine and kindly manner, and great conversational abilities rendered her the centre of a large and brilliant circle.

Hon. Mrs. E. G. Squier, wife of our late Minister to Central



TERRIBLE FIRE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE IN FORTIETH STREET, N. Y., AND FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE—A MAN AND HIS WIFE AND FIVE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH, ON THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 7.

America, wore a dress of white illusion decolleté, puffed sleeves, with six flounces, embroidered with cherry silk; an over-skirt of cherry satin, looped up with clusters of white roses; a pointed waist of same, edged with a quilling of white satin; head-dress, a chaplet of ivy; ornaments, diamonds and opals. This lady's personal attractions, youth and graceful manner, made her the acknowledged belle of the ball, while her sprightly and intellectual conversation, and her knowledge of various languages, placed all who came within her sphere perfectly at their ease. Her dress was also a triumph of taste and elegance.

Mrs. Alexander, of Washington, wore a deep maroon dress, with lace cape and rich velvet and lace cap.

Miss White, of Washington, wore a dress of great elegance and beauty. It was of white tulle, with flounces innumerable, each flounce being bordered by a narrow strip of black velvet. It was very full, and was set off to great advantage by the distingue bearing of the wearer.

Mrs. Frank Smith, of Boston, wore a dress the charm of which was its extreme and exquisite simplicity. It consisted of white watered satin skirt, robe and train. In style and taste it was the perfection of the modistes' art. The head-dress was both rich and recherché.

Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Julia E. Baker and Miss Lizzie Edwards were of the White House party.

Mrs. Grimesley wore a very handsome blue watered silk, with a long train, with pearl and turquoise ornaments, and head-dress of white roses.

Mrs. Baker, the accomplished wife of Mr. Baker, of the Springfield *Journal*, wore a lemon-colored watered silk, with low neck, short sleeves and long train, with point lace cape, a very rich head-dress of cherry-colored verbenas, with gold sprays intermingled, and a full set of pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Bergmann, née Macalaster, wife of the Belgian minister,

outward form and presence of Wigfall, the eccentric "foreigner" who represents Texas.

"Why this sudden outbreak of denunciation and threats?" exclaimed Fessenden of Maine, "on the part of Southern Senators? Whence these warlike demonstrations, and what is their cause?"

"It is only a whiskey insurrection," interrupted Wigfall.

"It is time," said Chandler of Michigan, "that we should know if we have a Government! If affairs were to go on for another three months as they have for the last three, I would abandon the country and join the *Confederacy*!"

"Don't do it," broke in Wigfall; "the poor Indians have suffered too much already from contact with bad whites."

"Well, Senator," said a weak Northerner, addressing himself to Comus, "I must admit that Lincoln has not got a handsome face!"

"Humph! But I've no doubt you'd like to have his countenance."

**INAUGURATION OF THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,  
President of the Southern Confederacy.**

On Monday, the 18th of February, 1861, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President elect of the new Southern Confederacy, took the oath of office in front of the Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama. The President elect was staying at the Exchange Hotel, and early in the forenoon of the 18th he was waited upon by the delegated authorities, and at twelve o'clock, under a grand salvo of artillery, the procession began to move towards the Capitol in the following order:

Music.  
Military Escort.

The President elect, with Vice-President and Chaplain, in open carriage, drawn by six horses.

Congressional Committee on Ceremonies of Inauguration.  
Committee on part of the State of Alabama.

Committee on part of the Authorities of the City of Montgomery.  
Commissioners to this Government from States other than the States of this

Confederacy.

Governors of the several Confederate States.

Judges of the Supreme Court of the several States of the Confederacy.

Ministers of the Gospel.

The above in carriages.

Citizens generally, in carriages.

Citizens generally, on foot.

The whole under the command of General H. P. Watson, Marshal of the day.

A platform was erected in front of the portico of the Capitol, on which the President elect took his position, attended by the Vice-President, Members of Congress, the Governor of the State of Alabama, and the several committees. The whole surroundings were thronged by a vast and swaying crowd, who viewed the proceedings with mingled feelings of enthusiasm and awe.

A perfect thunder of cheers, repeated again and again, greeted the President, who acknowledged the recognition with much emotion. The solemn ceremony was commenced by an earnest, impassioned and comprehensive prayer from the Rev. Dr. Manly. The President then read his inaugural address, which was listened to with profound attention, and the sentiments of which were responded to with enthusiasm and respect.

At the close of the address, the oath was administered to him by the President of the Congress, and Jefferson Davis became the First President of the Southern Confederacy.

There were great rejoicings in the city of Montgomery that evening. The houses were brilliantly illuminated, and the President received visits of respect and congratulation from the citizens and all comers at the Estelle and Concert Hall. The utmost unanimity prevailed, and the orderly and still enthusiastic demeanor of the people proved how thoroughly in earnest is the movement which was consummated by the inauguration of President Davis that day.

**FRENCH NOTIONS OF THE ENGLISH.**

We now and then have occasion to laugh at the blunders made by English journalists when writing on America; but we question if they ever soar to the sublime absurdity of a recent book written by a French author on the English. It has lately been published in Paris, and is entitled "London, England and the English," by M. Larcher. We give two extracts:

"At a dinner party the ladies retire into another room, after having partaken very moderately of wine; and while the gentle-



JOHN JANNEY, JR., PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHAS. MORSE, LEBURN, VA.

men are left to empty bottles of port, madeira, claret and champagne, it is a constant habit among the ladies to empty bottles of brandy (*des bouteilles de Cognac*). To confirm this statement our Solon quotes from a work of General Pillet: "Towards forty years of age every well-bred English lady (*toute femme Anglais comme il faut*) goes to bed intoxicated." When these are supposed to be the manners of good society, we may imagine in what terms the author speaks of the reunions at Cromorne and at the Surrey Gardens.

And a few pages further M. Larcher says: "In England the horrible is liked, the hideous is adored. An Englishman requires to see his fellow-creatures in danger, in order to experience any emotion. Lions, tigers and hyenas took at first immensely, but when it was found that Carter and Van Amburgh escaped unharmed, the exhibition was deserted. The young girl who, two years ago, was devoured in presence of a full house at Astley's Theatre obtained a great success. During a whole fortnight she was the sole subject of conversation in social circles and at the clubs. Those who had been so fortunate as to witness this extraordinary scene were heartily envied by their less fortunate brethren. To hear the bones of a poor girl crushed by a tiger! what a delicious excitement! I am certain that the day is not far distant when this aristocracy, worn out with *ennui*, will need such representations as men combating with wild beasts. Even now (April, 1861), a society of capitalists is talked of for establishing a circus where men may wrestle with ferocious bears."

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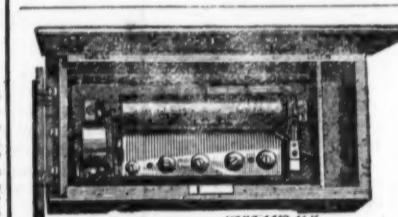
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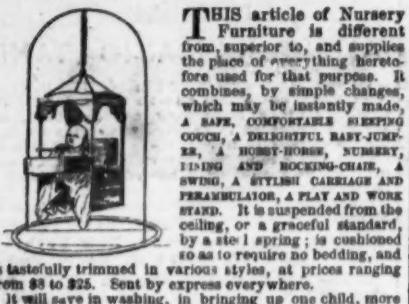
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